

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

TWO nations standing at the extremes of a commercial policy are making the whole world wonder by the extravagance of their beliefs. Great Britain is pursuing the free trade idea to a point of folly which is inconceivable. The United States is chasing the phantom of protection in a way which passes the understanding of a reasonable onlooker. Canada, standing between the two commercial fanatics, is to a certain extent a sufferer on account of the un wisdom which is at either hand.

Before the reciprocity treaty with the United States was abrogated, Canada was creeping closer politically as well as commercially to the great nation which held the hand of this country so fondly in its own. When that treaty was discarded, for many years this Dominion has been vainly floundering to again get hold of the commercial hand of the United States. It has got sick of this pawing about for an irresponsive touch and nothing has grown more rapidly in Canada than the hateful feeling that Canada is despised by the United States. The people of this country are too large and strong and independent to tolerate any sense of inferiority which is forced upon them by those who may perhaps be numerically stronger and commercially richer than we are. This resentfulness is probably the strongest factor in our politics to-day. Great Britain must also understand that we do not propose to accept any snubs even from our near relatives. The enthusiasm which made of Canada a recruiting-ground for the South African war does not now exist. The political necessity which induced the Liberal party to show its loyalty to Great Britain by providing for a preferential tariff of 33 1/3 per cent. in favor of the Mother Country, is no longer in existence. Our dealings with Great Britain can now be discussed by the two leading parties in this country with no flavor of disloyalty clinging to the garments of the Government. Canada has discovered that Great Britain is irrevocably insular, selfish and unteachable. Driven by war extremities into a taxation of food stuffs, Great Britain refused to give the colonies a preference, though Canada in the first place had given Great Britain a marked advantage in our markets. Our cattle are not permitted to enter Great Britain, free as our animals are of disease, on terms more favorable than the cattle of other countries. Admittedly we are barred out because it would be to the disadvantage of English cattle raisers to have our animals enter the byres with the native product. The great wave of enthusiasm which swept over Canada Australia and New Zealand has disappeared. The cold clammy commercialism—what we in this country consider to be the cold, clammy, damn foolishness of English commercialism, not to mention military damn foolishness—has wiped out all that was achieved in years of shouting, in millions of sacrifice in money, and in incalculable donations of blood. That we are further away from Great Britain to-day than we have been for decades, is an absolute fact. That we were never further away from the United States than we are to-day needs no argument, for, as I said before, resentment against the United States is the greatest factor in Canadian politics in this year of grace and prosperity.

Thus these two nations have apparently sought to divorce Canadian sentiment, and no matter to which we reach our hand, it finds no response. There is no reason why Canada should stand like a beggar at the place where the roads separate, and have its outstretched hand spat upon by those who pass by. Our mute attitude of dependence does us no good. The population we are obtaining from the United States is accompanied by the jeer that we are being "Americanized." Great Britain, rather than sacrifice a tittle of her dignity, refuses to heal the old French Shore difficulty in Newfoundland. Newfoundland, it is said, has made an abject petition for reciprocity with the United States which will close Canada out of her business. Most insulting of all is the attitude of the United States in this Newfoundland situation, the New England senators refusing, it is said, to accept even the humiliation of this British colony, certainly belonging to Canada, but which went as a mendicant to Washington. And Jamaica and the West India Islands are hanging about Washington, hat in hand, asking for trade privileges. Canada, absorbed by temporary prosperity and absolutely devoid of statesmanship, is permitting these island kingdoms to go begging, and eventually to become lost either to this country or to Great Britain. Is it not time that some master mind should arise in Canada and originate the idea of making this the great rival of the Republic which has always harassed us and which holds us in such extraordinary contempt? It seems to me evident that what Canada needs is not politicians, but a GREAT STATESMAN, and if he is not developed within the next few years it will be very hard to say what our future will be. It is always very difficult to predict either the honor or dishonor of one who stands between greatness on either side and is spurned by both.

THE unusual, particularly when it is commented upon by Conservative papers opposed to any innovation, amounts to something like a sensation. The visit of Mr. Chamberlain to Africa is the most natural thing in the world, for he has been accused of being the author of the Boer war. Nevertheless, the visit of a Colonial Secretary to the colonies seems an extraordinary thing to be extraordinary? For if the Colonial Secretary is to be capable of attending to his business he must know the business to which he is to attend. The pudding-headed notion of many Britishers that the colonies can be attended to by those who never saw the colonies, is ripe for removal. The United States has become a great rival of Great Britain, and Canada is becoming a great rival commercially of Great Britain, and the great producing areas of Australia and South Africa are invading the dignity and commercial supremacy of the Mother Land. If Englishmen understood how ridiculous any Colonial Secretary appears when he begins to handle Canadian business they would rejoice to see him going about to see with what little wisdom he has governed in the past. Whether it was Mr. Chamberlain's fault that the Colonial Conference amounted to so little, or whether he did the best he could with the opposition with which British prejudice encumbered him, it may be thoroughly understood now that the wave of Imperialism, of pro-British legislation in the colonies, is fairly well over. What might have been accomplished by the giving of the smallest possible preference to colonial goods entering the British Islands cannot possibly be accomplished by Mr. Chamberlain's tour to South Africa. Even if he came to Canada he would find Imperialism a dish grown cold, something that has been left over until it is stale. The wave is past and we cannot hear even its wash on the rocks of materialism. Those who love cannot love always unless there is some affection shown in return. There is no danger of Canada falling in love with her neighbor; that also is a love grown cold. Just about now we are in love with ourselves, we are holding our own hand and saying sweet things to the other ear, and no gush from the outside is making us blush.

BEFORE another issue of "Saturday Night" reaches its readers, the prohibition vote will have been taken. In the last days of the campaign the prohibitionists have succeeded in making quite a stir, and the idea seems to be

broad that the liquor interests are by no means as sure of saving their bacon as they were a short time ago. The weakness of the anti-prohibition cause, as managed in the campaign now drawing to a close, has been its silence in the face of attack and the unwillingness of its disciples to show themselves and give a reason for their existence. There is a hesitancy on the part of a great many who cannot subscribe to the "thou shalt not" attitude, to appear in the role of the apologists and friends of the publican. The prohibitionists have made capital of the apparent inability of the opponents of their law to come forward publicly and defend their stand on this question. Of course it is not necessary for a man to be a frequenter of bar-rooms or a friend of King Alcohol in order to have a status as an anti-prohibitionist; and the anti-prohibition cause must have been wretchedly served by those who are managing its interests in this fight, or advantage would have been taken of the fact that many temperate men and total abstainers—citizens of standing who are in no sense apologists for the whiskey ring—are able to give a sane and intelligible reason on moral grounds for their hostility to prohibition. There is no reason why an open and above-board campaign should not have been engaged in to offset the enthusiasm worked up all over the province by the strenuous and loud-voiced methods of that small and fanatical section who flatter themselves that they can reform the world by legal enactment. But the liquor interests have been either too apathetic, or too mean-spirited, or too niggardly to devise or execute a plan of defence on broad grounds that would enlist the services of men outside the trade, and would strike the popular imagination. Though fighting for their livelihood, they have failed to look at the matter from any side except the certainty of sure and easy victory. That victory is never sure, and seldom easy, is a truth admitted by those who have experienced fluctuations of public opinion as recorded at

these things. The great North-West is being sought after by Yankee capitalists who are bunching United States farmers on to the lands which at one time could not be given away. The Canadian Northern, otherwise Mackenzie and Mann's road, otherwise Hill's road, is also pushing out to the Coast with 1,500 miles already of constructed lines. It is looking for subsidies. The Lord only knows when the Mackenzie and Mann combination will ever cease to look for subsidies, loaded down as they are with contracts which carry kingdoms of real estate as bonuses.

Every Canadian must feel a certain amount of pride and something approaching enthusiasm, if not ecstasy, in viewing the development of our great West by railroad companies. Ontario has paid three-fifths of all the taxation which has been used in producing this development. Ontario has not had back her own up to date. The Canadian Pacific and all the other railway companies developing the West are seeking for short cuts to the tide water which leaves this province on the dump. No matter how the Western people may shout with regard to what belongs to them, and no matter how profoundly their delegations may talk when visiting Ottawa, the fact remains that Ontario has the greatest moral mortgage on the North-West, the greatest string that is tied to the lands and development of that country, now in existence.

Since the lands owned by the Canadian Pacific, lands given to them for the construction of the road, and so situated as to practically control all the other lands within a reasonable distance from the line, have been found to be of exceedingly great value owing to the influx from the United States, the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific have apparently become envious and eager to obtain some millions of acres of real estate upon the same easy terms. This should not be permitted. When we go

decency and comfort. It may not be known that there is a certain small section of the poverty-stricken who, even in this godly and goodly city, live much like swine, though all the "good" worship in luxury.

PROBABLY the most interesting and possibly one of the most amusing instances of a man deciding to be great and becoming exceedingly paltry, is to be found in the preaching of a special series of sermons by Rev. Dr. Milligan in Old St. Andrew's Church. Apparently he started out to tell us about the Higher Criticism, but unless the reports in the daily newspapers are incorrect he has shinned off into domestic topics and is telling his hearers that they ought to get married, and is telling married women not to get too gay. The relation of these very pertinent topics to higher criticism of the Bible is not at all evident. It is to be feared that Bro. Milligan, as he skated towards the rotten ice of Presbyterian theology, has got "cold feet" and will probably emerge from the brave encounter into which he entered, considerably discredited.

WOULD you be kind enough to tell me and the readers of your paper generally if Mayor Howland pursued what would be socially considered the right course in protesting against the toast of His Holiness preceding that of the King? I have had a number of arguments with my co-religionists over this matter and would like to have you decide the matter. Yours,

"Roman Catholic."

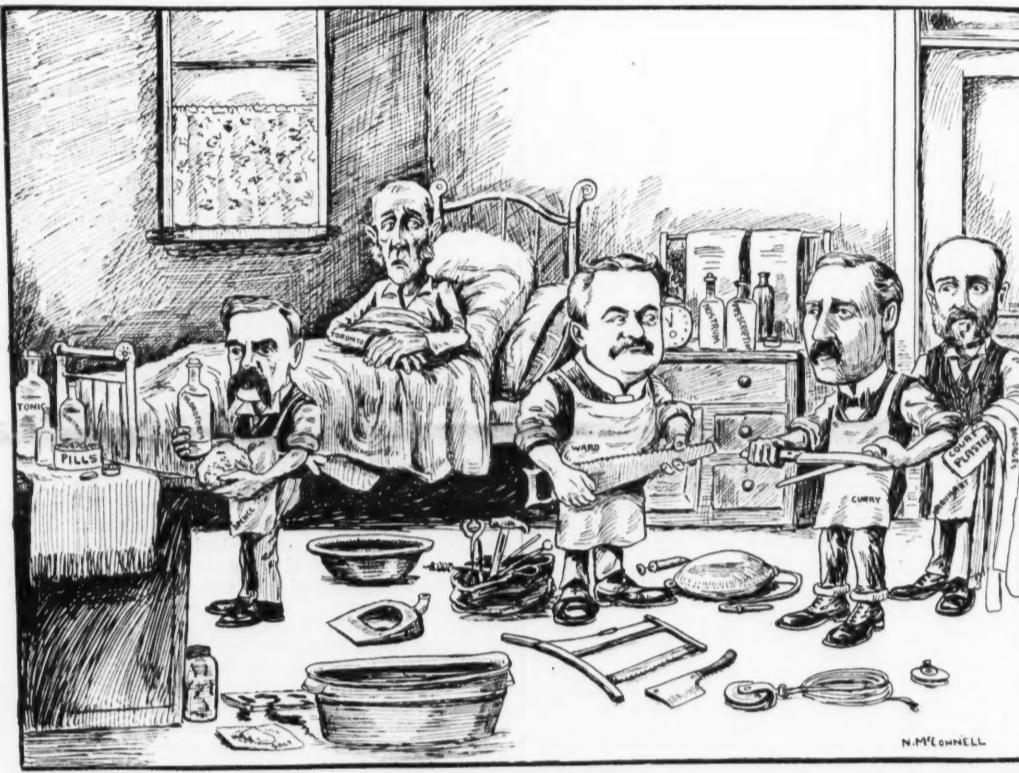
I entreat my correspondent to recollect that I do not write on social matters and have nothing to do with the columns which may to a certain extent assert a knowledge of what is proper in a social sense. Ethically my belief is that both Mayor Howland and Premier Ross should have seen the toast list before they lent themselves to what proved to be distinctly a Roman Catholic banquet. That they did not do so was an oversight which placed them both in a difficult position. I do not believe that anyone is justified from a social point of view in disturbing by a protest anything which his host may have prepared as the order of the evening. It would have been quite proper for Mayor Howland to have told the presiding officer and toastmaster that he was indisposed, and if the method of procedure was to be followed he would have to leave. Bad health is always a safeguard against remaining when the toast list is disagreeable, and had he not taken advantage of the procedure to benefit himself he might easily have found some excuse for being unable to remain during the banquet. In the case of Premier Ross the same holds good. A little whispered communication to the chairman might have let him out when he saw that the procedure was one that he could not endorse. Personally, I cannot see that either public man could be excused for remaining under the circumstances. How to get out of a situation of that sort without appearing to make a benefit for oneself, of course is difficult. It must be remembered that Mayor Howland benefited by his very well attuned complaint, one must also remember that Premier Ross benefited by not making a complaint at all, and there we have the politics of the whole thing, for the Roman Catholics benefited by exalting the leader of their Church over all civil authority, and the three parties concerned seem to have had a very good turn out of the epidemic.

I still remain firm in the belief that this sort of thing is disastrous when the citizenship of the country is concerned. To be a professional Roman Catholic is to obtain office. To be unobtrusively a Roman Catholic is to leave one entirely on one's own merits and to be handicapped by the exclusiveness which the Church demands. If the Church would cease to demand exclusiveness and permit its members to fight their way upward without either help or detraction, I imagine that the average attainment of prominent positions would be not less than now in favor of adherents of the Church.

THAT the City Council did wisely in going into the fuel business, and that it would have been a disastrous course to have cancelled the orders for Scotch and Welsh coal, is now evident to everyone. There is a real scarcity of all kinds of fuel for household purposes, notwithstanding that the strike was declared off over five weeks ago. It is said that the large eastern cities of the United States are absorbing nearly all the supplies that can be shipped out from the mines. The railways plead a scarcity of cars. There is always some plausible excuse of one kind or another when the public are being made to suffer. While the weather gets colder and the railways more helpless, the coal dealers are not disinclined to take advantage of the necessities of the people, who are thus made to feel pressure from every direction at once.

THE constitution-tinkers are once again telling us how to reform the city government. This kind of talk about the weak points of the Council and how to make them strong, is an annual pre-election epidemic. It never amounts to anything, because there is never time to consider the various schemes before the elections, and afterwards the aldermen forget all about the need for reform. The present machinery would be satisfactory if it were intelligently worked, and in the same hands any other machinery that could be devised would be equally at fault. The need is for better men rather than a better form of constitution. The difficulty is to get better men to offer their services. And this difficulty will continue just so long as the citizens give their votes to pushful candidates for every other reason than their fitness for the positions sought. Lodge influences, church influences, political influences and the personal pull of the "good fellow" are uppermost in municipal elections in Toronto. The rate-payers have the best reformatory measure in their own hands now by steadily choosing only the best men who offer, and the standard will surely, if slowly, improve.

PREMIER ROSS, whatever other charge may be brought against him, has never been accused of looking after Number One in a financial sense, and the scheme now said to be on foot amongst his political friends to raise a fund of twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars as a tribute to his services to his party and to the Province of Ontario, is a recognition of the fact that in Canada there are public men who, in the midst of exceptional opportunities, have not yielded to temptation to feather their own nests. Could anything be more heartbreaking, however, than this talk of getting up a purse, except the condition of a Premier who went into office poor and became obviously rich? I would not, no matter how great the urgency either political or personal, as a matter of advantage or in a desire to wound, discuss a man's personal belongings or commercial future. The present instance groups itself, however, with several other cases in which Premiers or their widows have been found lacking in means of support. It seems most regrettable that our polities, through which so many contractors have become rich, should almost invariably leave in poverty the men who have transacted the public business with discernment and honesty. It seems a painful situation in which a public man finds himself when



MUNICIPAL "REFORM."

Mr. Toronto (to the aldermanic quacks)—"You have dosed me with your nostrums and bled me with your leeches, and now you want to carve my anatomy beyond all recognition. My constitution mostly requires a rest. There's such a thing as too much doctoring."

the polls. Two hundred and twelve thousand, seven hundred and twenty-three ballots marked in the affirmative are necessary to bring the Liquor Act of 1902 into force. I still refuse to believe that the prohibitionists can pile up such a vote in this province. If the rural districts vote "yes," the centers of population, from the towns of three or four thousand up to the large cities of Toronto, Ottawa, and Hamilton, will assuredly vote "no." But the fact remains that the prohibitionists now believe they have a chance to win out, while the liquor interests are not as cock-sure as they were. Even if prohibition is "downed," a heavy vote in its favor will inevitably lead to more stringent legislation against the bar-room. This is the proposition that the liquor people now find themselves up against, and they probably realize that a more aggressive fight, financially and otherwise, would have been in their best interests. If they lose ground as a result of next Thursday's vote it will be because they have not shown ability to see anything outside of their own occupation and its profits. If they do not lose, it will be because of the common-sense views of voters who have no part or lot with the publicans, but object to dictation as to what they shall eat, drink or wear.

A NEW line across the continent is announced by General Manager Hays of the Grand Trunk as a project which his company proposes to undertake. The new transcontinental road is said to be projected from Gravenhurst or North Bay—Grand Trunk terminals—to Fort Simpson, B.C. It is estimated to cost from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Who is to pay this cost? The initial enquiry is important, for Canada has paid the cost of a transcontinental road and is still unconsciously putting aside a few dollars to settle for unfortunately worded covenants made in the past.

No doubt there is room not only for one, or two, or three railroads, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but tell it not in Gath and whisper it not into anybody's ear in Ascalon, there is no room for a repetition of the old C.P.R. transcontinental scheme. When it was a necessity to find some other means of getting from British Columbia to Nova Scotia than by ox-wagons or on horseback, huge grants of land to a transcontinental railway, coupled with enormous grants of already constructed lines, were perhaps excusable owing to the fact that we distrusted our own honesty and ability. That the advantages given them have been used by the Canadian Pacific to their fullest extent and that a remarkably good service has been provided, must be admitted, but this admission does not convey the suggestion that Canada can afford to further clog up its land resources as these land resources were tossed up into the air when the first road was being projected. Conditions have entirely changed in our great West since the pioneer road partially constructed under Government auspices and completed as a private enterprise was projected as something unlikely to pay within the memory of a generation then being born. Now we are better informed with regard to

from the Atlantic to the Pacific nowadays we do not have to walk, nor ride a horse or drive a mule; we have a line of railway which has solved the transportation question as far as a transportation question can be solved when the company hauling the cars practically have a right to make their own rates. If we have three companies the rates will not be any better. If we subsidize three companies to build roads across the continent we shall practically have given away our entire heritage if the prodigality which was a portion of the policy at the inception of the C.P.R. is followed. We certainly have a grand heritage in the West. Nothing could be more convincing of this than the eagerness of railroads to build lines in developing the country which they would like to seize.

There is no necessity for subsidizing any more roads. It will be a crime to give another acre of land to any railroad, for every acre of land is valuable, and every railroad built by a private corporation is an additional chain about the neck of the Canadian citizen. We can afford to build our own roads. We certainly must own every road which is subsidized. In a period of prosperity we cannot afford to forge chains to bind the people to the most dreaded evil of the century, a Transportation Trust. Nothing but the humor, the freak or the self-interest of three men controlling the three great continental lines built and projected in Canada stands between competition and a monopoly in the face of which the Government and the people will be absolutely helpless. One road has already developed into a monopoly which neither Government nor individual enterprise could assail. Given two or three roads under private auspices, and the whole Golden West would be bound and its production and future mortgaged to transportation interests.

Is it possible that at the coming session of Parliament further lands, further inducements, are to be given to further rile the fitters around the hands and feet of the great West? Surely neither the Mackenzie and Mann nor the Grand Trunk Pacific will be helped either in lands or money to do what it is the Government's plain duty to do! Surely we have had sufficiently numerous and painful lessons in the past to keep us from becoming more involved in the future! The C.P.R. have a good thing, and probably deserve it, because they were pioneers and went in where other commercial magnates feared to tread. The path has been blazed out and the roadway beaten until it is easy, and the political party which believes that another period of wild bonusing and subsidizing and the heaping of favors on the ear of any company would be tolerated, will be swept out of power.

REV. DR. WILD, speaking in Bethel Church last Sunday night, advocated the taxing of the churches and the providing of homes for the poor. The taxes which the city churches escape paying by some theological hocus-pocus identifying them with the good of the State, would build rows of houses every year in which the poor could live in

Social and Personal.

Dr. and Mrs. Sheard have returned to their new and elegant home in Jarvis street, which is now one of the finest in the city of Toronto. There are many decorations and adornments in marble and ornamental stones, the finest of which is green Brazilian onyx, rare tilings and carved woods and silken hangings, but the most exquisite effect of all is the mural painting designed and executed by Miss L. O. Adams of Toronto, the well-known artist. Miss Adams has been long to the forefront in ceramic art and water colors, but those who have seen her mural decoration feel that much of her future work will be along this line of art. When our wealthier citizens realize the beautiful effect of mural decoration by our best artists, there is sure to be a demand for this high class of art. This painting by Miss L. O. Adams is one of the pioneer efforts in this direction.

Mrs. Arthur Curzon of Goderich, with her little daughter, Adeline Brudenell, and Mr. Curzon's nephew from England, Mr. Arthur Fitzroy Lithgow, are staying at 320 St. George street with Major and Mrs. Edward Leigh. Mr. Lithgow intends to spend the winter in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brown and Miss Marjorie Brown are en pension at 531 Sherbourne street, where Mrs. Brown will receive on the first and second Mondays in the month.

Mr. and Mrs. John Helm of Port Hope spent a few days in town this week and were staying at the Rossin.

The marriage of Miss Fanny M. Gibbons of this city and Mr. Arthur J. Greenaway of Detroit was solemnized on the 19th of November in the Methodist Church by Rev. R. J. Treleaven. Mr. and Mrs. Greenaway left on the evening train for the West with the best wishes of their many friends.

Mrs. Edward Leigh of upper St. George street gave a charming tea on Friday of last week in honor of her guest, Mrs. Arthur Curzon. Mrs. Leigh received in a becoming gown of silver grey satin, trimmed with rare old lace. Mrs. Curzon wore a pretty dress of pale blue silk ornamented with pearl passementerie. The tea-table was effectively arranged, and centered with a beautiful antique silver can-delaubrum. Among the guests were Lady Mulock, Colonel and Mrs. Milligan, Colonel Delamere, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mr. Labatt, Colonel Villiers, Mrs. Totten, Miss Enid Wormum, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Fred Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Helen Strange, and Mrs. Cattermole. Mrs. Leigh has the honor of having achieved quite the most complete "crush" of the season, so many guests having responded to her invitations that it was literally impossible for later comers to enter until earlier ones went away. This, in the face of the fact that there were three other teas going on at the same time, is remarkable.

On Saturday afternoon, at the residence of the bride's father, at Henry street, the marriage was celebrated of Miss Eleanor Louise, daughter of Mr. Francis Phillips, and Mr. Thomas Herbert Ellenor of Schenectady, N.Y., son of Mr. William Ellenor of Bowmanville. Owing to a very recent bereavement in the bride's family, only the immediate relatives and a few of the bride's most intimate friends were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. S. Broughall. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a smart tailor-made gown of grey broadcloth wrought with trimmings of white broadcloth. The Russian coat was worn over a white silk waist with a grey and white hat, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies. Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Phillips, was bridesmaid, and wore a pretty frock of white organdie with applications of lace trimming over blue taffeta, a large picture hat, and carried American Beauty roses. The groomsman was Mr. Harry J. Cox of Toronto. After a short reception and dejeuner, amid showers of rice and good wishes the happy couple left for the East. Mr. and Mrs. Ellenor will reside in Schenectady, N.Y.

A most charming tea was given by Mrs. William T. Blackwell at her bijou residence, 85 South Drive, Rosedale, on Friday, November 21st. Invitations read from four to seven, and though guests did not arrive at the earlier they stayed almost till the later hour, finding themselves very busy with other engagements very far off, and some of them only reaching Mrs. Blackwell's as the six o'clock bells were ringing. However, it's just as pleasant to vary the old injunction and come "late" and avoid the crush, if your hostess shows no signs of weariness and is just as bright and cordial and glad to see you at six as at five. Such was the case at Mrs. Blackwell's tea, and never did her exquisite home, or her sweet self, look more attractive than on the day of the tea. Each apartment has its distinctive charm, and the house is so well planned that no room is isolated, but all blend in a vista of cosy, artistic beauty. The Dutch dining-room, a close rival of Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston's much admired salle-a-manger, with its dark woodwork and quaint Dutch lace window screens, was used as a tea-room, and there a jolly party of young matrons and maids, with Mrs. James George in one of her most infectiously funny moods, presided with much care and grace. Mrs. Blackwell wore a very smart jetté gown over white satin, with a soft touch of color, and her snowy hair and sparkling dark eyes were admirably suited by her rich toilette. One of the guests, perhaps the handsomest matron in Toronto to-day, was Mrs. Heaven, in a rich gown and large chapau, quiet, as all her pretty toilettes are, but most becoming and smart. Two of Mrs. Blackwell's assistants were the Misses Jarvis of Glen Road. Miss Jarvis in the dainty frock she wore at her brother's recent wedding, a crisp point d'esprit over lettuce green silk, tucked and frilled in a very dainty and fetching design, and in which the lovely wearer looked a picture. Her younger sister was also very attractive in a delicate pink frock. Many of the guests from Mrs. Mason's and Mrs. Leigh's receptions finished up a jolly afternoon at this tea, at which every accessory, flowers, lights, goodies and tempting "cup" were perfect.

Lady Mulock is looking very well indeed after a quiet summer in Canada, and Sir William is apparently untroubled in work and statesmanship. Lady Mulock has been able to attend most of the teas, and has always the same bright greeting for her many friends.

The engagement of Miss Aileen M. Carveth, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Carveth, and Mr. Fred J. Sawers of Peterboro', is announced.

This afternoon Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fraser of Georgetown are to be hosts of a number of Toronto friends, at their home in Georgetown. Mr. Fraser has had a special car attached to the four o'clock train, and guests to the tea will be brought home on the 10.30 train. Given a fine afternoon, this trip will be most enjoyable, and the welcome which awaits the guests of the clever author of "Thoroughbreds," the book of the month, will be most cordial and sincere from the novelist and his kind wife.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler sail for Canada on December 3rd. Great improvements have been in train at Craigleigh during their absence. Mrs. Ramsay, who is visiting Mrs. Gordon Osler at Craigleigh, received with her daughter on Monday.

The hounds met last Saturday at Mrs. T. C. Patterson's homestead in Dowling avenue, and quite a lot of smart people were on hand. By the way, a lovely young matron who has been enjoying riding and looks very well on horseback is Mrs. Morang, who had the misfortune to fall.

sprain her right wrist one day lately. Quite a fall took root among a pretty group of young married women to enjoy equestrian exercise this year. Mrs. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. Hartley Dewart and Mrs. Morang have all become quite graceful horsewomen, as have several others whose names for the moment escape me.

The reception given last Saturday afternoon at Roseneath by Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss was largely a University function, to which but few friends outside the members of the Senate, the Faculty, and their wives were bidden. Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss received in the drawing-room, which was decorated with 'mums and palms, Mrs. Moss richly gowned in purple satin veiled in black lace, and the Chief Justice returning the cordial congratulations of the guests on his new dignity with his own pleasant smile and hearty handclasp. Although the grave and reverend seigneurs don't as a rule take their pleasure at afternoon teas, when they do turn out it is with a determination to enjoy themselves, and they had many a merry time and plenty of happy encounters with more frivolous persons on Saturday. In the second drawing-room a huge buffet was brilliant with fine red carnations and loaded with all the dainties of the fashionable five o'clock. The house party, several pretty nieces and attractive women, waited upon the huge party of guests. Though the assembly was large, Roseneath provided room and to spare, and everyone seemed greatly to enjoy the tea. Chief Justice Moss and Chief Justice Falconbridge are brothers-in-law, highly honored, and deservedly so, and their wives, who are splendid, broadminded and heartsome women, were formerly the Misses Sullivan, daughters of another famous legal light. Young Mrs. Charlie Moss looked very nice at the tea. Mrs. Dickson Patterson brought her mother, an Englishwoman whom to know is to admire and esteem. Miss De la Haye looked particularly pretty, her prettiness recalling "la belle ville." Paris. Mrs. Edward Blake was surrounded by friends so glad to see her back here again and looking particularly well. Miss Mowat and Mrs. Mowat came in for a bright half hour. Lady Meredith and Lady Mulock were present. Mrs. Moss was also one of the guests. Hon. William Harcourt and Mrs. Harcourt, the City Treasurer and Mrs. Coady, President and Mrs. Loudon, the Provost of Trinity, Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, the Chancellor of Victoria and Mrs. Burwash. Mrs. and Miss Lampert, Mrs. Albert Ham. Professors many and varied, and a few young folks, among whom I noticed Mr. Cawtha Mulock, were at this successful tea.

Mr. Ernest Seton's visit to Toronto was the occasion for a very charming little impromptu gathering of friends hastily and informally bidden to greet him at his brother's residence, 10 St. Vincent street, on Monday evening, from six to seven o'clock, which turns out to be a capital hour for a tea, and brings everyone pretty promptly on time. Monsieur and Madame arrived from other teas, from business or from a round of visits, or a round of the golf links. The guest of honor was called hither and thither to meet a new congenial spirit, or to greet an old familiar friend. Tea was quite a secondary consideration, though it was daintily served in the cosy dining-room from a table centered by golden 'mums, by the Misses Thompson's fair hands. Mr. Seton dined "en famille" with Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson afterwards, and left for an engagement at Oshawa on Tuesday morning. He is looking very well and is living in a paradise of his own arranging down in the wooden nutmeg State, where he has several farmsteads and all sorts of animals to study and enjoy. Mrs. Ernest Seton (Grace Gallatin) is now quite recovered from last summer's indisposition.

Mrs. George Blaikie gave a charming tea on Monday afternoon at her beautifully panned and decorated home in Elm avenue. The lovely weather tempted everyone out in their best, and very bright and jolly everyone looked as they greeted the graceful young hostess and her fair-haired sister, a guest kindly lent us from Ottawa for an all too brief visit. Both the hostess and the guest of honor were in pretty, dainty gowns of white. The house, always a picture of artistic beauty, was made still prettier by flowers and green wreaths of smilax and bright light.

On Friday, November 21st, Mrs. James Mason gave a very pleasant tea at her residence in the Queen's Park, to present her young daughter to her friends. Miss Mason has just completed her studies abroad and is a very attractive and graceful young girl, who, strange to say, is not as eager as the typical debutante to plunge into the season's vortex of gay doings. She was much admired in her dainty white silk frock, and friends were glad to remark the simplicity and sincerity of her manner, a grace she comes by honestly, as all who know her parents will agree. From the drawing-room, where the debutante received with the hostess, to the charming dining-room, the guests found their way, and were there served with dainty goodies from a bright buffet, done in deep red blooms and prettily lighted. The various cosy corners in hall and library were the rendezvous of little groups of smart women who very much enjoyed the function. Several debutantes were present with their mothers, one of whom, Miss Grace Masey, of Rosedale, is a charming girl, and looked very nice in a pretty light frock. Other teas drew from and gave to this one gay parties of ladies, so that the rooms were always comfortably filled and never crowded. Plenty of nice flowers were used in their decoration, though they are always so bright and handsome that they scarcely needed the festive touch of the autumn blooms.

No organization ever started in Toronto has gone ahead more solidly and successfully than the Canadian Club, which has just been obliged to take up new quarters for its Monday luncheons, as the former meeting place was quite inadequate of late. This season's president is Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, son of Mr. J. K. Macdonald of Conna Lodge. Mr. George Howell is treasurer and Mr. A. E. Huestis secretary. The president is one of the intellectually progressive young men of the new century, and holds the responsible post of Principal of St. Andrew's College. The membership of the Canadian Club was, when last I enquired, five hundred strong, and bids fair to increase rapidly. The annual fee is nominal, one dollar, and all British subjects are eligible for admission. The Monday luncheons are attended on an average by 145 members. Doubtless this number would have been much greater but for lack of space. However, the Canadian Club luncheons are henceforth to be held in McConkey's banquet and ballroom, and as has been the rule, some clever speaker and leader of progressive thought will speak at each reunion.

The Strenuous Life Denounced.

If the strenuous life led by most business men nowadays, W. J. Otis, of St. Paul, who is a successful grain merchant himself, says: "What is the use of all the wild, hysterical stampede that takes place daily? From the cheap clerk up to the business man who ought not to waste his energy in wild rushing, every one is tearing along as if the fiends of hell were pursuing him. He wastes more time by needless hurry than he saves at the other end. Your average business man does not have to be at his office until nine or ten o'clock in the morning, yet he gulps his breakfast down in five minutes and reads the paper for an hour. When he gets to his office everything must run at fever heat. He has an hour for luncheon, eats it in three minutes and wastes the balance. He hurries home after the day's work, wades through his dinner, and races for the theater or club, then is whisked home for a nervous, restless sleep. How can a man last under such conditions and be at his best? If that is the way modern business must be conducted, with no regard for hygiene, digestion, or nerves, I think the man is better off with less money and more ease."



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LIMITED

Religious Thought in the Light of the Twentieth Century.

(Continued from Page 2.)
it possible to believe that this thought of God and this longing for God, which are practically universal in the race, are without any answering reality in the universe? Have they come by chance? Are they a delusion and a falsehood at the very center of man's being? No; the reasonable conclusion seems to be that man thinks God, believes in God, trusts God, fears God, feels out after God, tries to put himself in right relations with God, worships God, associates his destiny here and hereafter with God, because he has spent all his existence on the earth, God-confronted, God-enviored, with evidences of God everywhere, and all the while around him, above him, beneath him, and within him.

How is it that man is God-enviored? Let us see. I have already pointed out that no child can live long—and certainly no man can—without becoming aware that there is a Power higher than himself. He himself does not make the sun rise. He does not make the grass grow. He does not make his own pulse beat.

And that power is one. If there is anything that modern science makes certain it is the unity of the universe, and this means, of necessity, the unity of the power which is at the heart of the universe. But is this power intelligent? We can only judge by its manifestations. Its manifestations are intelligible. They correspond to the rational order of our thought. Therefore we are compelled to believe that they are the products of intelligence. What are those manifestations? Wherever we look, in the heavens or the earth, we see order, regularity, law, sequence, beauty, the operation of cause and effect. These can have no connection with chance; chance could not have produced any of them; they are all the very opposite of chance.

What does evolution mean if it does not mean intelligence? It takes less intelligence to make a watch. But would it take less intelligence to make a watch which should have power to make another watch better than itself, and that another better still, and that another still more improved, and so on to the end of time? Evolution is something like that. Think of a process, beginning in a far-away fire-mist and marching steadily on through millions of years until it reached a world, and then on through millions of years more until it reached life, and still on through years counted by millions again until it reached man, and finally a Plato, a Shakespeare, a Christ! Can that process have been a blind thing, un-directed by intelligence?

So then we have a God of intelligence, as well as a God of power. This brings us to another question, not less important: Have we a God of goodness? What answer makes modern knowledge? We must have a God who is good or we are lost. No other is worthy of worship. In the hands of no other can our destinies be safe. The chief difficulty in the way of believing in a God of goodness is found in the existence of pain and evil. But modern thought is helping us to see that pain, properly understood, should probably be classed among our blessings; and that much more of what men have been accustomed to call evil than is generally understood is really good in the making. Pain is nature's cry of warning. It tells us to take care; there is danger; we are

going too far in this direction or that. The pain makes us stop.

But if pain is a blessing in disguise, so are often sorrow, disappointment, struggle and hardship. The truth is, out of these so-called evils come some of the greatest benefits that man ever receives. These have been the stairs by which he has climbed to what he now is. How could we become morally strong if we were in a world where there was no temptation, and no possibility of doing wrong? Add now to these considerations the thought of a life beyond the present, as an existence for which this life may be only a preparation, and we see how short-sighted is the judgment which declares that God cannot be good because there are pain and suffering and what we call evil in this world. The disorder and confusion that belong to a half-erected building may seem an evil. But the finished structure will compensate for it all. If God is not good, whence comes the undeniable good that exists? Whence is the tendency for temporary evils to turn to good? What is the explanation of the fact that good unmistakably increases in the world? From what source come the good desires in human hearts? So then we seem driven to the conviction that there is a goodness in the universe higher than man's; or, in other words, to the belief that God, the power which created man and the world, is not only one and intelligent, but benevolent.

A question that much troubles our time is that of the personality of God. What shall we say about it? I think the answer of thoughtful men is more and more coming to be this: Whether we are to regard God as personal or not, depends upon our definition of the word personal. If by "personal" we understand "limited," "localized," "enclosed in a physical body"—and many, seemingly, do understand it thus—then clearly God is not personal. An infinite being, a universal spirit, cannot be limited, or confined, or shut up in any space six feet by two. But it ought to be pointed out that this is not a proper definition of personal. The essentials of personality are not limitation, or localization; they are consciousness, intelligence, will, ability to say "I." If we use the word in this sense, and this is its true use, it is clear that we must think of God as personal. Or, if we do not, then we must think of Him as super-personal, or more and higher than personal; we cannot with any warrant think of Him as less or lower than the word personality denotes.

St. John says, "God is love." What has the best thought of our day to say to this declaration? Anything in opposition? I think not. If there is not love in God how comes there to be love in us? Can the Creator give to the created what He Himself has not? Can a stream rise higher than its source?

What is the twentieth century going to believe about the Divine Incarnation? Will it say that God was in Christ? Unquestionably. The Christian world can never let go that great truth. But it is slowly learning a truth larger and better still. It is that God incarnates Himself in all humanity. Says St. Paul: "God was in Christ." Says St. John: "If we love one another God dwelleth in us." The full and complete incarnation of God, then, is not in one—not even the Great Teacher and Prophet of Galilee, but in all His human children.

Where is God? Does He live in some far-away heaven, from which He rules the world as a king rules some distant dominion? And to visit the earth, does He require to make a journey? Something like this seems to have been to no small extent the thought of the past. But all such thought is passing away. Modern thought says God is imminent in the physical universe, while He also transcends it. He is the life of it all, while He is greater than it all. God is the force of the universe, the intelligence of the universe, the beauty of the universe, the moral law of the universe, the soul of the universe.

Where, then, is God? Where is He not? The sun shines with His radiance; the sea heaves by His power; the flower is beautiful with a beauty that it gets from Him. Gravitation is His hand, holding the universe in one. Law is His command, which all worlds obey. Light is His swift courier, bearing His messages from star to star. Love is His life in the souls of His humanity.

Friends, something like this, as I believe, is the new thought of God that is coming to men in this great twentieth century. While it is new it is also old. It is as old as Jesus and Paul and Isaiah. It is as new as the last word of modern science and philosophy; as new as the last vision of God's prophets and spiritual seers of to-day. Its glory is that it is the deathless old illuminated and vitalized by the new, fresh from the minds of men, fresh from the heart of nature, fresh from the spirit of God.

I believe that as this new and larger thought of God is lifted up, so that men

can see its reasonableness and beauty, it will more and more make everything like atheism impossible, and draw men in loving homage to Him who is worthy of all homage and love in earth and heaven.

Social and Personal.

MRS. WILL P. WHITE gave a large and well-arranged matinee progressive euchre on Wednesday afternoon, when, spite of snow and storm, over sixty guests assembled and enjoyed the game and the dainty "petit souper" which was served at its close. Five prizes were given by the generous hostess, each a gem in its way, and much appreciated by the winners, who were Mrs. Percy Leadley, Mrs. Woodland, Mrs. Fred Grey, Mrs. McLeod and Mrs. Gagnier. Mrs. Pringle and Mrs. Dow kept the tally and most gracefully performed their duties. Their obliged hostess presented them with silver bon-bon spoons at the close of the game. The floral decorations of the house were superb, in white and yellow, roses and 'mums being employed, with crimson roses in the upper rooms. D'Alesandro's orchestra played during the game, and altogether nothing was lacking in the perfect afternoon. Mrs. White received in pastel blue broadcane, with duchess lace trimmings, and her two young daughters, Misses Mabel and Florence White, assisted gracefully in looking after the guests, who were Mrs. Will Hyslop, Mrs. Husband, Mrs. Finch, Mrs. Tilt of Guelph, Mrs. Radley, Mrs. Gagnier, Mrs. Trotter, Mrs. Fairburn, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Sparling, Mrs. Gilmore, Miss Gilmore, Mrs. Oliver, Miss Oliver, Mrs. Brush, Mrs. Bower, Mrs. E. Boeckh, Mrs. Charles Boeckh, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Miss Lennox, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. W. Boone, Miss Boone, Mrs. C. S. Boone, Miss Brown, Mrs. Johnson of New York, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Woodland, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. J. A. Taylor, Mrs. W. Taylor, Mrs. Langley, Mrs. Moorehouse, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Lowndes, Miss Lowndes, Mrs. D. Rose, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Potts (nee Score), Mrs. Spiller, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Fred Grey, Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. E. R. Wood, Mrs. Sheack, Miss Denny, Miss Hunter, Miss Allen, Mrs. Westwood, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. Notman, Miss Notman, Mrs. Higman, Miss Craig, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Macdonald of Winnipeg, Mrs. May, Mrs. Percy Leadley, Mrs. Land, Miss McCullum, Miss McLaren.

A most successful tea was given last Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Arthur T. Armstrong of 11 Maple avenue, a very gracious and cordial young hostess indeed. Mrs. Armstrong received at the entrance to her beautiful drawing-room, exquisitely gowned in pale blue, with white lace overdress, and her fair hair dressed in a pompadour puff. She made a pretty picture in a most artistic and attractive environment. A crowd of her friends, mostly young matrons, stunningly gowned, poured in during the crush hour, and at half-past five the house was filled by a bright lot of guests, who, judging by their merry chatter and good-fellowship, were mostly well known to one another. I think the frocks at Mrs. Armstrong's tea may be pronounced the record display so far this season. Some of them were really Parisian, and others, quite as lovely, rich and becoming. A particularly beautiful gown was Mrs. Howard Chandler's, who, like the hostess, was "new Massey." This dashing young matron wore an exquisite satin of the palest blue, with rich white lace over, and delicate chiffon frills and pleatings, and a very fetching hat. Mrs. Arthur Massey wore salmon panne crepe, with lovely embroideries in wild flowers on white, and an exceedingly smart hat. Her pretty figure was perfectly fitted by this charming gown, which was original without being too accented. Mrs. Jack Boyd wore black net, richly jetted, and embroidered and appliqued in ermine. Miss Helen Strange, all in black, looked stunning. The tea-table, set in the dining-room, was centered with Beauty roses, and the guests were waited upon by Miss Flos Lowndes, Miss Beatrice Carter (such a pretty, refined looking girl), Miss Muirhead, Miss Skinner and Miss Potts, each of whom performed her duties most charmingly and saw that no one was overlooked. Mrs. Maughan Ellis and Mrs. Alfred Wright looked very pretty at this tea. In fact, as one stunning young matron after another "frou-frou'd" into the smart circle, adding her personal charm, and the bewildering array of lace and costly gowns passed me, I don't remember ever seeing the rival of the brilliant scene. There was a profusion of lovely 'mums about the hall and drawing room, but for once the flowers met their match. This tea was an early function, from 4 to 6 only, and it was well past the hour when the last fair one said good-night.

Mr. Murray Hendrie has returned from Philadelphia. Miss Mollie Walde has been visiting Miss Kate Counsell in Hamilton. Mrs. and Miss Pousette of Peterboro' are en pension in Jarvis street for the winter.

Mrs. Robert Watson of Shuter street gave a charming tea to introduce her daughter on Thursday of last week. Mrs. Watson received in the drawing-room, gowned in black voile, with lace applique and chiffon trimmings. The debutante wore mistral voile over white silk, with cream lace and Oriental embroideries, and carried sunset roses. The house was beautifully done in white and

yellow 'mums, palms and ferns; white carnations were in the tea-room, where the table was beautifully done in white 'mums and green-shaded lights. The harpers played during the afternoon, and the following young ladies were left assistants in the tea-room: Miss Amy Patterson, Miss Celeste Piper, Miss Carrie Gagen, Miss Maria Watson and Miss May Watson.

Mr. Richard Dawson has been the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Burns, of 25 Prince Arthur avenue.

Mrs. E. Herbert Greene gave a very delightful seven-hand euchre on last Friday afternoon, at which Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Bristol and Mrs. Bolte were the prize-winners.

Lady Thompson gave a young girls' tea on Thursday of last week. The Misses Thompson, the Misses Elmsley and Miss Falconbridge waited on their girl friends, many of whom were the season's debutantes.

Mrs. Wallace Cohoe is a very stylish and graceful bride who has been much admired. At Mrs. Armstrong's tea on Tuesday Mrs. Cohoe looked very stunning in one of her smartest trousseau gowns and a lovely plumed hat.

The course of lectures under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association is an interesting feature of each winter's work, and is much enjoyed by a party of our nicest people, ever ready for more culture and artistic knowledge.

Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House and Miss Cawthra will receive on Monday week for the first time since their return to Canada.

Mr. Finucane was in town last week.

Mr. Warren Burton, lately of Hamilton, has taken a house in Admiral road, No. 37, and will spend the winter in Toronto.

The Light of the Age.

Incandescent gas lights are used all over the world where there is natural or artificial gas. They save at least 50 per cent. of gas, and give twice the light of the ordinary gas tip. G. & J. Murray, 224 Yonge street, have a full line of the incandescent goods. Lights from 35c to \$1. Use the Beacon Mantles, 25c each. Telephone Main 1121.

Lovers of the antique might be interested to hear of a sale of three Chippendale ribbon-back chairs for the sum of \$2,000, which was made last week by the well-known firm of Messrs. B. M. & T. Jenkins, 424 Yonge street.

PERFUMES

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Religious Thought in the Light of the Twentieth Century.

Course of special Sunday evening sermons by REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A., in UNITARIAN CHURCH, Jarvis Street, near Wilton avenue. Subject for November 30:

"The New Thought of Man."

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Social and Personal.

Trinity College was en fete on Tuesday night, when the Athletic Association connected with the seat of learning gave their annual dance. Although always a popular entertainment, this dance has not always been remarkable for wise limitations, and the consequence has often been some discomfort. But on this occasion the committee had the wisdom and discretion of their elders, and decided to have fewer guests and more comfort. The arrangement of the orchestra, too, was a vast improvement; instead of occupying the dais and deafening lady patronesses and their friends, who are supposed to be located there, they were placed at the south end of Convocation Hall under the gallery, and directly in the main entrance, which was unused, the dancers entering and leaving Convocation Hall by the small stairways on either side of the main stair. This made it possible to utilize the main entrance half as another salie de danse, a capital idea, and very conducive to comfort. At no time was there a disagreeable crowding either, as usual, near the door, or, while the dance was in progress, on the floors of the twin ballrooms. The main charm of Trinity, its one unique excellence wherein it distances all other rendezvous, is the private hospitality of the provost, professors and men in residence on a fete night. To go to a dance at Trinity without paying visits during the evening to the provost's charming library, the professor's more quaint and scholastic den, the cosy rooms of other dignitaries, and the quaint or pretty "digs" of the students, is to miss the crowning pleasure and flavor of Trinity's dances. On Tuesday each and all of the pet "dens" were lit and garnished for the company. There were "petits soupers," lovely candy, tasteful flower decorations, jolly little cosy-corners, delicious "cup," and the usual conical sign-posts directing amused guests here and there. In the "Dime Museum" were boxes of the most toothsome sweets, par example. These frames include some of the newest Paris designs, which are quite effective with the present style of house interiors, and the very latest "Colonial" frames, which are charming. I noticed also in Lyonde's window some new backgrounds, an immensely smart and artistic one, etching style, and a quaint, pretty lattice window, half open, which gives a delightful effect to the photo of the person taken in the act of opening the lattice and looking out. I particularly admire the circular gold frames with embossed spray on them.

I regret to learn that Mr. Dudley Oliver is laid up with a couple of broken ribs, a casualty of a football match.

Much heartfelt sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Hertzberg of Toronto Junction in the loss of their dear little daughter Dalmor, whose death saddened their home a few days since. Mr. and Mrs. Hertzberg are devoted to their children, and this break in their happy home circle has aroused keen sympathy in the hearts of all their friends.

Some very beautiful and newly imported picture frames are one of the many attractions at Mr. Lyonde's studio, which is fast becoming more of an art room than a studio. These frames include some of the newest Paris designs, which are quite effective with the present style of house interiors, and the very latest "Colonial" frames, which are charming. I noticed also in Lyonde's window some new backgrounds, an immensely smart and artistic one, etching style, and a quaint, pretty lattice window, half open, which gives a delightful effect to the photo of the person taken in the act of opening the lattice and looking out. I particularly admire the circular gold frames with embossed spray on them.

Mrs. Harold May of Belleville is visiting Mrs. F. J. Roy of 21 Rusholme road.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. McLelan and daughter of Berlin spent a short time in the city en route to England and the South of France, where they will spend some months. Mrs. C. E. Hoffman, who accompanied them this far, has returned home.

The Women's Alliance of the Unitarian Church, Jarvis street, held a Christmas bazaar on Friday evening, November 28. A supper was served at 6.30 o'clock in the vestry of the church, and an entertaining programme rendered during the evening.

Mrs. James E. Dundas (nee McLaren) will receive on the second and fourth Thursdays at Marlboro crescent, Deer Park.

Mrs. T. Richard Fuller has changed her day, and will in future receive on Thursdays at her residence, 391 College street.

A very pretty wedding, and one that created quite a stir in fashionable society, took place Wednesday morning, the 19th inst., at the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, when Mr. John T. Ryan, Parkdale, son of the late Hugh Ryan, and Miss Bronacha McEvane, daughter of Mr. John E. McEvane of the Winnipeg "Free Press" staff, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Rev. Father Cruise, assisted by Rev. Father Walsh and Rev. Dr. Tracey, officiated. The church and sanctuary were beautifully decorated with palms and white chrysanthemums. Throughout the ceremony suitable music was rendered by Miss McElgerry, the organist of the church, and Miss Anna Carroll sang with much expression two solos, "Ave Verum" and "Ave Maria." The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr. John E. McEvane, wore an exquisite gown of ivory crepe, trimmed with hand-embroidered lace, and as ornament a sunburst of pearls and diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom, and a little dove of pearls, suspended from a very fine gold chain, a gift from her parents. With this she wore a veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of lily of the valley, white rosebuds and maidenhair fern. The bridesmaids, Miss Frances Gibbons and Miss Augusta Carroll, were gowned alike in pastel blue sateen, trimmed with medallions of point d'Arabe lace, hats of pastel blue clipped beaver, trimmed with stone marten and masquerade clasps, and stoles of shaded pale pink ostrich feathers completed these very pretty costumes. The maids carried large bunches of blush pink roses. Mr. Frank Burns officiated as best man, and Mr. Bernard Hughes and Master St. Clair McEvane were ushers. After the ceremony a breakfast and reception were given at Hollydale, Rosedale, where the house was beautifully decorated with cut flowers and plants, and an orchestra, screened behind a bank of palms, played throughout the breakfast. Mrs. J. E. McEvane, mother of the bride, wore an exquisite gown of dove-gray poplin, with panels of cream Roman embroidery and touches of ermine, a stole of gray marabout feathers, a hat of ermine, with clusters of green grapes, and a corsage bouquet of violets and lily of the valley. Mrs. Hugh Ryan, mother of the groom, wore a handsome black lace gown and a small black and white bonnet. Mrs. Austin Smith, sister of the groom, was attired in an Oriental panne velvet gown, and wore a white Gainsborough hat. Mrs. Bardwell of Chicago, another sister, wore a costume of golden brown velvet, a pale blue hat, and carried a large muff of brown chiffon. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue basket-cloth, with a woven border of scarlet medallions. Her hat was of navy blue taffeta, trimmed with tiny ruffles of the same, and a knot of pheasant's feathers. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan left the same afternoon for a six months' honeymoon trip, the winter months of which will be spent in Southern California. The groom's favors to the bridesmaids were brooches of green enamel encrusted with pearls, with a whole pearl center; his gift to the best man and ushers being scarf-pins of the same design. Only relatives and

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SECONDLY—The glove when fastened closes at the palm, where there has hitherto been an unsightly opening, thus keeping the hand comfortable and clean.

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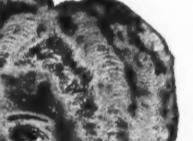
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Mrs. James H. Downey has been spending a week with Mrs. Edward J. Cummings, Church street.

Mrs. Henry Thompson has rented her home in Avenue road for the winter and taken apartments at 181-2 Nassau street.

Miss Winnifred Moysey returned from the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, to attend the Chancery Literary Society At Home on Friday last. Miss Moysey is one of the charming debutantes of the year.

Mr. K. C. Watt of the Woodstock "Sentinel Review" is in town visiting friends and relatives.



CHAPTER XVIII.

Very gently, very sweetly, Norma tried to soothe Astley, and to restrain him from following the artful doctor then and there. "Don't you see," cried the unhappy Astley, "that it's this rascally fellow who's been spreading the belief that it was I who killed this man, the very man I've been so anxious to meet?"

"Well, if he has," said Norma persuasively, "his tales will turn against himself by and by. People will say that he is malicious and revengeful, after your attack upon him, and that this is the way he is trying to satisfy his malice."

But Astley would not be convinced.

"This affair is of too intimate a nature for the truth to be given to the world," said he, "and the beggar knows that, and presumes upon it."

"Well then, how can you bring up the subject now, before all the people?" said Norma. "You know it's impossible. The doctor would say such things before everybody, that you would not be able to control your rage and disgust. No, no, let me persuade you; let me, oh, let me have the satisfaction of feeling that I have done some good, some little good!"

Her plaintive appeal touched Astley to the heart. Once more he entreated her to come back to the Haigh with him, and when his entreaties failed, he began to reproach her and to say she did not care for him.

"Don't you see," urged he, "that while you live in the neighborhood, yet not in my house, people will ask questions, and ferret out things? While if you come back, and live in the same house as you have done, the gossips will be quiet?"

"Oh, no, they won't," said Norma. "This affair out-right, this dreadful story, will bring out more than you think. And then you will find people will see we have done what is right, what is best. And, remember, the more of the truth they learn the stronger the feeling for us will be. We need not tell anybody anything: we don't want to parade our griefs before the world. But since the world will never be satisfied till it knows the truth, and since the truth is that we are both quite blameless, isn't it better not to make any pretense, but to face the facts as they are, and wait?"

He let himself be persuaded at last. But her heart ached for him, as weary and worn out, he left her, when the excitement in the neighborhood had died down, and the body had been carried away, and went back through the dark wood, which had been the scene of such a terrible tragedy, to his great, lonely house—ill and alone.

On the following morning Norma, from her upper window, saw Dr. Wharles come up the lane, not in his gig, but on foot, and go quickly into Raggett's house.

Her landlady, old Mrs. Giles, saw him too, and instantly began to gossip, with an old woman's malice, about black-eyed Ned Raggett and the handsome doctor. "Is he often at the cottage, then?" asked Norma.

"Dear, no, my lady," said Mrs. Giles. For she had learnt who Norma was, and was very proud of her lodger, though somewhat puzzled by her choice of a residence. "I've never seen him there afore. No doubt he noticed her black eyes and her saucy ways last night; for she's a bold 'un; not but what there's something to be said for her, poor thing, tied to a drunken fellow like Raggett; which she's his second wife, and no children of her own, only that gawk of a Ned, the son by Raggett's first wife, to look after. But there, I'm running on, and I see you don't care for gossip, my lady; it's not likely a lady of your quality would."

Norma let her run on with her remarks, but the point of interest was past for her. This, then, was the doctor's first visit to the cottage, with the exception of his share in the visitation of the previous night. She took mental note of this fact, and even condescended to play this spy from her window, in order to ascertain how long Dr. Wharles stayed there. And his visit was a very long one.

It was on the following day that the inquest was held, and Norma, more dead than alive, crept into the town hall by the hour appointed, and sat, trembling, in her place not far from Astley, with whom, however, she scarcely exchanged a word. A heterogeneous crowd of the witnesses were consisting, as they did, of Sir Astley of the Haigh, his wife, Dr. Wharles, Mrs. Wharles, the boy Ned Raggett, an innkeeper of the town, two or three of the townspeople, and a brother of the dead man, who had come from a Midland town, and who identified the body as that of Thomas Rogerson, formerly a soldier, but who, according to this witness, had done no work of late.

The brother gave evidence that he knew of the proposed visit to Darwen Haigh, where he understood that the deceased man had some business with Sir Astley Darwen; but what the nature of it was he declared he did not know. He knew of no grudge entertained by the deceased against any man or of any grudge entertained against him.

The next witness called was Norma, who trembled so pitifully that they gave her a chair, in which she sat, limp and lifeless, her features shrouded by a thick black veil, the raising of which was suggested by one jurymen; though his demand was overruled.

She looked such a forlorn little creature in her black dress, with her great black eyes shining out of a pale face through the meshes of the veil, that a good deal of sympathy was aroused for her. Rumors had not been wanting as to the existence of a lady with a better right than she had to her title, and the fact that she was not living at her reputed husband's house was taken as convincing proof that there was something in the rumors.

The nature of some of the questions put to her was startling in the extreme. "May I ask, Lady Darwen, how it was that you were in the wood that evening, the evening of the murder?" asked the

next witness, when these had been disposed of, was Dr. Wharles.

There was a subdued buzz of whispering voices in the court when he advanced and stood up facing the jury; and the spectators glanced at the seat on his handsome face, and exchanged furtive nods as they looked from him to Sir Astley, and recalled by a frown or a raised eyebrow the scene which had taken place between these two men but a few days before.

Dr. Wharles proved an excellent witness, clear, straightforward, unhesitating.

After stating that he had first judged from the position of the wound and of the body, that the tragedy was a case of suicide, but that subsequent examination, and the fact that no weapon had been found, had caused him to alter his opinion, he gave a minute description of the two wounds found on the dead man, one of which had pierced the heart, and must have proved instantly fatal; then he went on to answer the various further questions put to him with perfect distinctness and in a voice which all could hear.

"Did you know the deceased, Dr. Wharles?"

"When I first saw the body I thought not, but I afterwards remembered his face as that of a man, a stranger, who had called at my house the day before."

The jurors grew attentive.

"Not at that time! Do you mean you had previously seen someone there?"

"I had seen someone go into the wood two people."

"Two people? How long before was that?"

"I can't tell exactly. Some minutes before."

"They passed you in the lane?"

"No, I saw them from the window of Mrs. Giles's cottage."

"Will you tell us just what you saw?"

"I was at my window when I saw someone cross the road, from the stile a little beyond the cottages, and go into the wood."

"Over the wall?"

Norma's heart and her voice sank together.

"No. Through the gate."

"Through the gate! Is it a public way?"

"No. He unlocked the gate and went through."

"Did you see who it was?"

"I thought it was—Sir Astley Darwen," said Norma tremulously.

Here Astley nodded a decisive assent to the coroner and jury. The coroner went on with his interrogatory:

"And you say you saw a second man? Did he go through the gate with Sir Astley?"

"No. He came from the stile, went up the lane to the right, and got over the wall into the wood."

"When was this?"

"A few moments later."

"And who was this man?"

"I don't know at all. He was never near enough for me to see."

"But you can give us your impression as to his appearance. Was he a tall or a short man?"

"Tall, I think. Not particularly short, I am almost sure."

"Did you ever see the deceased man in life?"

"Yes. Once for a few moments only."

"Was it he you saw?"

"I really didn't see well enough to be sure. If I must give my impression, it was that the man I saw cross the road was a broader-built, stouter man than I."

"That is so," said the doctor.

And he bowed to the jury and the coroner and withdrew from the witness-box in his turn.

The next witness was Mrs. Wharles, who had been seen letting the deceased man out of the doctor's house, and talking to him in the little porch. The lady was very nervous, but very dignified, and she gave her evidence clearly, though with a not unbecoming shyness struggling with her dignity.

"I believe you had some conversation with the deceased as he left your husband's house, Mrs. Wharles?" said the coroner.

"Yes."

"Do you agree with your husband's view of him?"

"Not altogether. He was more outspoken with me," said Mrs. Wharles, "and he asked whether Sir Astley was a man of violent temper, who would be likely to take personal revenge for an injury."

"As she uttered these words, Norma sprang up from her seat, throwing back her veil, and with her great eyes flashing with indignation. It was with difficulty that Astley, who was sitting beside her, very white but calm and collected, managed to force her down into her seat again. An indescribable sensation of horror and suspense was gaining ground in the court. Mrs. Wharles was the only person who appeared to be unaffected by it."

This answer created an unfavorable impression among the jury that Norma was drawing upon her invention in order to avoid incriminating Astley.

"But you could not see clearly?"

"No."

"When you came to the body, was anybody near?"

"I thought not until I cried for help on hearing a noise above me, and a boy came down from a tree."

"Was anybody else in sight at that time?"

"No."

"Did you hear any sound as if anybody else was near?"

"While I was talking to the boy, I heard a noise as if someone was getting over the wall into the road."

"What sort of noise?"

"The cracking of branches, and then a sound like a drop into the road."

More amiable invention—thought the jury.

"Did you recognize the dead man, Lady Darwen?"

"Not till they brought a light."

"What did you do on finding it?"

"I knelt down," said Norma with a shudder, "and finding his face to the ground, I raised his head, and turned him on his side. His coat and waistcoat were open, and there was blood—" She stopped, shuddering. "I knew he was dead," she added at last.

There was a pause, and then a juryman asked, "You say you recognized the deceased when they brought a light, your ladyship. You knew the man then?"

"Oh no. I had seen him once only."

"May I ask on what occasion?"

"It was the day before. He called at the Haigh, and asked for Sir Astley, and went away on learning he was not at home."

"I think that is all we have to ask Lady Darwen," said the coroner, after a pause.

And Norma rose in a dazed manner, and slid into an offered seat.

The next witness called was the lad Ned Raggett. He proved an absolutely impractical person. He had seen the squire in the wood, and nobody else. He had got into a tree to escape being seen, and then he had heard a pistol-shot. He was too high up to see who fired the shot, or who was fired at. On being reminded that it had been reported he said the murderer raised the body and threw it down again, he said he must have fancied this; he was sure he was too far off to have made anything out distinctly.

He gave his evidence with such stupid stolidity that most of the listeners thought him too unintelligent not to have told the truth.

The next witness was the keeper of an inn where the deceased had passed the night previous to his death.

This man deposed that the deceased had said his business in the town was with Sir Astley Darwen, and he had bragged that he would be a richer man when he left Blackdale than when he went into it.

These statements, which were afterwards confirmed by two or three townsmen, customers, at the inn, who had spoken with Rogerson, produced a profound sensation in court. Many a curious glance was directed, after this, to the corner where Sir Astley and his wife sat, both very quiet and downcast, side by side.

one looked round in surprise. The doctor went on: "I know this is an irregularity, but I must mention that, in speaking of Sir Astley's late wife, you were in error. Mrs. Wharles's sister Charlotte, who married Sir Astley, is alive."

There was a sort of gasp audible throughout the building. Astley leapt from his seat, with haggard eyes and fury in his face.

The next moment the clinging arms of Norma were about him, her face was raised imploringly to his.

"Bear it, bear it all," she whispered.

His uplifted arm dropped to his side.

In face of all men, as he looked down at her pleading eyes, a tear stole down the unhappy man's cheek.

CHAPTER XIX.

Dr. Wharles had made a mistake. He knew it in a moment, as he looked round him, with quick, observant eye, and noted that every face was full of pity for the unhappy man, who, with the tender woman's hands clinging about him, was now the center of interest and compassion to everyone in court.

There were, on the other hand, angry glances cast at Dr. Wharles and his wife, and unpleasant remarks were muttered in his hearing by some of the sturdy Lancashire men. The doctor was more popular among the women of the neighborhood than he was with their husbands and brothers, and his own conduct was not so impeccable that he could afford, with impunity, to draw attention to the mistakes of others.

There was a fine ringing sound, of course, in his challenge on behalf of an injured woman, as his protest purported to be. But Lottie Darwen, though not well known in the neighborhood of Blackdale, had not been altogether unknown there; and there were people present in court who remembered the mighty beauty who had tried so hard, while staying at the house of her brother-in-law, to marry Sir Hugh Darwen, and had then succeeded in marrying his cousin Astley.

The feelings of most of the witnesses of this painful scene were voiced by no less person than Lord Wyersdale, a little bent old gentleman, very dignified in spite of his low stature, who tapped the ebullient doctor smartly on the shoulder, and said, not loudly, but with cutting emphasis:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. See what distress you have brought upon Lady Darwen and her husband, victims, both of them, I'll be bound!"

There was a murmur of sympathy and assent among the bystanders, and the doctor grow redder still. It took him, however, only a few moments to recover himself. He always knew how with clear, sonorous voice and burly, imposing figure, to make himself the central figure of any picture. With a deprecating glance at the coroner, whom everybody else had forgotten in the excitement of this episode, he said:

"Pardon me, your lordship. I have apologize to Mr. Coroner for my interruption, and to Sir Astley and this lady who had been seen letting the deceased man out of the doctor's house, and talking to him in the little porch. The lady was very nervous, but very dignified, and she gave her evidence clearly, though with a not unbecoming shyness struggling with her dignity."

"I believe you had some conversation with the deceased as he left your husband's house, Mrs. Wharles?" said the coroner.

"Yes."

"Do you agree with your husband's view of him?"

"Not altogether. He was more outspoken with me," said Mrs. Wharles, "and he asked whether Sir Astley was a man of violent temper, who would be likely to take personal revenge for an injury."

"As she uttered these words, Norma sprang up from her seat, throwing back her veil, and with her great eyes flashing with indignation. It was not, of course, wanting another section who sided no less vehemently with the doctor, and applauded his boldness in daring to stand up for the absent woman in defiance of the two great men of the neighborhood, the Earl and Sir Astley Darwen.

Lord Wyersdale, amid an indescribable confusion of tongues—the coroner declaring that he would clear the court, the users crying "Silence," the people arguing and murmuring—again took up the cudgels on the side of Astley.

"If Sir Astley Darwen," said he, his thin, old man's voice making itself heard nearly as well as the doctor's more resonant tones, "has really left to starve anyone who bears his name, that person has certainly forfeited every right to bear it."

Astley, who had been with difficulty restrained, by Norma and other friends, from making a rush at the doctor, now spoke.

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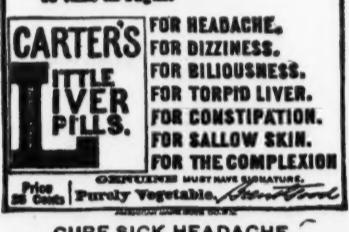
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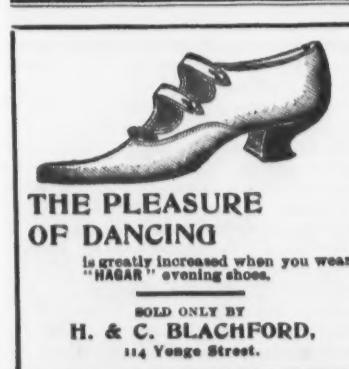
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Curious Bits of News.

According to an Omaha correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune," D. H. Hoffman, a Union Pacific machinist getting \$3 a day, has received the palm as the most expensively dressed man in that city. The extent of his wardrobe was brought to light in a trial in Omaha, where a man was charged with stealing a suit-case full of clothing from him. While under oath he stated that the grip contained \$6 worth of neckties. "How many neckties have you altogether?" asked the attorney. He replied: "I have \$400 worth of neckties." The court gasped and the attorney turned pale. "Is the rest of your wardrobe in proportion?" asked the attorney. "It is," responded the witness. Hoffman was dressed faultlessly.

When Henry Hiemenz, jr., of St. Louis died the other day he left \$1,000,000 and will which provided that his widow, who inherited the entire fortune, was to strew the grave of his first wife with flowers every Sunday and on the anniversaries of her birth and death. This probably is the acme of refined cruelty. If the testator had provided that the widow, in order to keep the money, must climb a greased pole every Sunday morning, or give up corsets, or do her own washing, other women might have gone to her and encouraged her with the assurance that the money was worth the sacrifice; but to be compelled to strew flowers on the grave of the woman who is now, let us hope, happy with the man in paradise will undoubtedly be regarded by all sober-minded women as too much.

The English papers tell of a young Parisian in London, visiting the "Chamber of Horrors" at Mme. Tussaud's. Being alone, he was seized with an impulse to put his neck in the lunette wherein had rested that of Marie Antoinette. He lay down, touched a spring, and closed the collar. But how was he to release himself? If he touched the wrong spring the fatal axe might descend. Before long a crowd of visitors, led by an attendant, came on the scene. The guide was a bit of a linguist, and saw an opportunity with himself as master of the situation. He at once began a practical lecture on the guillotine, interrupting his remarks with little asides in French to the indignant victim, asking him to scream louder or writhe more agonizingly. "How well he acts!" exclaimed the gratified onlookers. Finally the Parisian was released, and, answering the applause with malevolence, by Dodd's Kidney Pills."

A pioneer of this district, Mr. Barnes tells many tales of early life in the wilds of New Ontario, but none more interesting than the following: "I was terribly troubled with Kidney Complaint. I suffered severely with pains across my back, and with a scalding, burning sensation when urinating that was very painful. "Though I had little faith in proprietary medicines, I had a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house that I had procured for my wife, and commenced taking them with good effect.

"It was not long till my acquaintances started to greet me on the street with, 'Hello, Mr. Barnes, how young you are looking!' They were not astray. I felt smart too, and feel younger and in better health than I have been for years. My Kidney Complaint was completely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills."

10. Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.

10.03. Light pipe, and sit down in large arm-chair by the fire.

10.15. Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's artistic temperament.)

10.45. I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything, after all.

11.15. I wish the—these—people hadn't asked me to write for their—paper!

11.45. Hurro! Will that do?

12.30. I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12.40. Yes! Not. By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the—? All right, here it is! Now then. (Scribble.)

1. Lunch! Good, I believe it's going.

1.30. Now I'll just knock it off. (Scribble.)

2.15. Well, I don't quite see my way to—Oh yes, I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3. One, two, three — three hundred words, a page. Well, I've put that in in good time anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3.15. I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in, passing by Jove!

3.40. Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words, and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3.50. I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

4. She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's not so bad.

4.15. Oh, confound it!

4.45. Now let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good, I'm in the straight now!

5. Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout, they've bought it.

5.03. It's not so bad, though, after all.

5.11. I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

5.15. H'm! I've read worse stories than this.

5.20. No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

5.25. Pretty smart ending!

5.30. Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story

than that, I should like to see 'em, that's all!

5.35. Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I sha'n't touch a pen again to-day.

"There it is—How a Story is Written. By One Who Has Done It." . . . That remark about the 'dozen men in England' represents a momentary phase of feeling, not a reasoned opinion."

In answer to a request to tell his readers how he worked, Mr. J. M. Barrie, whose new book, "The Little White Bird," has just been published, wrote the following on a crumpled piece of paper that had evidently once contained tobacco:

Journalism.

2 pipes	1 hour
2 hours	1 idea
1 idea	3 pars
3 pars	1 leader

Fiction.

8 pipes	1 ounce
7 ounces	1 week
2 weeks	1 chap
20 chaps	1 nib
2 nibs	1 novel

The Story of a Pioneer.

H. S. Barnes of Rat Portage Tells of the Trials of the Early Settler.

Suffered Terribly From Kidney Complaint, But Was Speedily Relieved and Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Rat Portage, Ont., Nov. 24.—(Special)—S. Barnes, father of a former mayor and one of the oldest inhabitants of the metropolis of New Ontario. Though seventy-nine years of age, Mr. Barnes looks younger than many men of many fewer years, and is possessed of wonderful vitality and activity.

A pioneer of this district, Mr. Barnes tells many tales of early life in the wilds of New Ontario, but none more interesting than the following:

"I was terribly troubled with Kidney Complaint. I suffered severely with pains across my back, and with a scalding, burning sensation when urinating that was very painful.

"Though I had little faith in proprietary medicines, I had a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house that I had procured for my wife, and commenced taking them with good effect.

"It was not long till my acquaintances started to greet me on the street with, 'Hello, Mr. Barnes, how young you are looking!' They were not astray. I felt smart too, and feel younger and in better health than I have been for years. My Kidney Complaint was completely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Authors at Work.

M. R. ANTHONY HOPE, who is very much in the public eye again through the success of his clever novel "The Intrusions of Peggy," has evidently no desire to make a secret of his literary methods. Here is his record of a day's work. "Let us suppose," he says, "that I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working-den at 9.45, and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10. Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.

10.03. Light pipe, and sit down in large arm-chair by the fire.

10.15. Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's artistic temperament.)

10.45. I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything, after all.

11.15. I wish the—these—people hadn't asked me to write for their—paper!

11.45. Hurro! Will that do?

12.30. I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12.40. Yes! Not. By Jove, yes!

Where's that pen? Oh, where the—? All right, here it is! Now then. (Scribble.)

1. Lunch! Good, I believe it's going.

1.30. Now I'll just knock it off. (Scribble.)

2.15. Well, I don't quite see my way to—Oh yes, I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3. One, two, three — three hundred words, a page. Well, I've put that in in good time anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3.15. I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in, passing by Jove!

3.40. Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words, and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3.50. I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

4. She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's not so bad.

4.15. Oh, confound it!

4.45. Now let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good, I'm in the straight now!

5. Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout, they've bought it.

5.03. It's not so bad, though, after all.

5.11. I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

5.15. H'm! I've read worse stories than this.

5.20. No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

5.25. Pretty smart ending!

5.30. Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story

Salemen's Trials.

Bad Food is One of Them.

Road traveling is rather hard on salesmen. Irregular hours, indifferent hotels and badly-cooked food play smash with their digestion.

An old Philadelphia traveler tells how he got the start of his troubles by using Grape-Nuts. "For years I was troubled with a bad stomach, which gave me constant headaches and pains all through my body, caused by eating improper food. I spent considerable money on doctors, who said I had indigestion, and after taking medicine for a year and it doing me no good, I decided to go on a diet, but the different cereals I ate did not help me. If it hadn't been for the advice of friend to try Grape-Nuts, I might be ailing yet.

"I commenced to feel better in a short time after using the food; my indigestion left me; stomach regained its tone so that I could eat anything, and headaches stopped. I have gained in weight, and have a better complexion than I had for years. At many hotels the salesmen will have nothing in the line of cereals but Grape-Nuts, as they consider it not only delicious, but also beneficial for their health in the life they lead." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

It is excessively annoying to a woman always to have to play second fiddle pi-

to a man who is charming to dally with him.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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Drama

Edward E. Rice has the faculty, akin to genius, of surrounding himself with clever people. He is always discovering talent where no one has suspected it. And his discoveries have the fortunate habit of "making good." "The Show Girl," that frolicsome melange of music and tomfoolery which Mr. Rice is presenting at the Princess Theater this week, would be nothing without the brightly, good-looking and versatile people in the cast. But it is precisely in getting and keeping together people of this sort that Mr. Rice shines, and certainly in "The Show Girl" he has assembled a wonderful aggregation of comedians, dancers, comely men and shapely women, with a fair sprinkling of passable vocalists.

"The Show Girl" aims to satisfy those who are looking for sixty laughs to the hour. It is confessedly a fabric of sheer nonsense. In reality it is a varied and vivacious vaudeville performance, based on the alleged adventures of a Yankee theatrical company stranded in Cyprus. The manager, who delights in possessing the euphonious name of Dionysius Fly, by miraculous means becomes the owner of a wonderful wishing-cap which is served by a genii, after the manner of Aladdin's lamp. Fly, being in sore straits, has many wishes coming, and succeeds in hopelessly confusing the already complicated situation in which he and his friends are found. The plot is of the very slightest—in fact there is no plot. But it must be confessed that both the conception and its application are immensely clever and amply excuse the utter lack of logical sequence.

Frank Lalor, Frank C. Young, Neil McNeil, Robert L. Dailey and David Abraham are a combination of comedians which has seldom been equalled in any similar production here. Lalor's impersonation of Dionysius Fly is an original and richly humorous piece of comedy. Robert L. Dailey, as Garrick Forrest Macready, a tragedian out of a job, acts with rare restraint and good taste. He is our old friend Wilkins Micawber realized in the flesh. David Abraham masquerades as a huge, frisky and ferocious Thomas Cat, made up with striking realism and a fine appreciation of the grotesque. Mr. Abraham's work is at once unique and absurdly funny. Amongst the women, Misses Kathryn Hutchinson, Bessie De Voie, Yolande Wallace, Marie Hilton and Anna McNabb and "the three Rosebuds," a dancing and high-kicking trio, are all genuinely gifted in their several lines, and Misses Hutchinson, De Voie and Wallace are remarkable for their good looks. The chorus is a captivating array of femininity, and can appear in tights, as in the final tableau, without apologies to the audience.

The music is best described as catchy but unoriginal—"reminiscent," to use the favorite term of the dailies. The best songs are interpolations. Some of these, as "Spotless Town" and "There's Where She Sits all Day," are highly enjoyable. Mr. David Lythgoe has the best voice, male or female, in the outfit.

The costuming and scenery of "The Show Girl" are sumptuous and satisfying.

But when all is said it is a performance that leaves no pleasure in the retrospect. Its entertaining qualities have no substance. It is froth from beginning to end, and, like froth, it quickly vanishes.

If it is true that that fine old Irish comedian, Mr. Joseph Murphy, purchased a new play many years ago, to be produced when "Shaun Rhue" and "The Kerry Gow" had seen their best days, isn't it about time for Mr. Murphy to brush the dust of ages from that manuscript and start rehearsing it? Joe Murphy still draws with his time-honored (and, it must be confessed, time-stained) plays of the vintage of '72—witness the crowds at the Grand this week. He draws the people; incidentally he also draws their dollars, which, from Mr. Murphy's standpoint, may be more important. It is, however, a question of professional ethics—if there are any ethics in "the" profession—how far an actor is entitled to work his compatriots on the patriotic graft, and how high he may pile the shekels without feeling that he has received more than he has earned. Mr. Joseph Murphy has played "Shaun Rhue" and "The Kerry Gow" probably over five thousand times each. They certainly owe him nothing. The difficulty, however, is that an actor who plays the same role more than two or three thousand times is apt to go through his performance without feeling that he owes the public something. People who go to the theater once in a decade, or whose knowledge of plays is solely derived from an agricultural hall at a cross-roads, are generally enthusiastic over Mr. Murphy's dramas. But there are a few people in large towns like Toronto who have heard of the last war, and it is time for Mr. Murphy to change cars.

That is a most amusing sketch which Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena give at Shea's Theater this week, entitled "For Reform." Incidentally it teaches a valuable lesson in a rather impressive way. A young husband whose wife has gone "batty" on the subject of reforming cab-drivers, and who is quite prepared to neglect her domestic duties in order to attend evening meetings of the

MISS ROSSELLE KNOTT.



With "A Modern Magdalen."

"reformers," has the tables deftly turned on her by her spouse and is herself "reformed." In the development of the situation there are some excruciatingly funny incidents. The acting of Mr. Stanton and Miss Modena is not nearly as black as he has been painted. His pictures convey the idea that he is a typical African of a very dark shade; as matter of fact he is decidedly light in color and considerable white blood undoubtedly flows in his veins. In feature and figure, however, he is typical of his race. He is short and thick-set, and his face, though light in color, is the face of the negro. Mr. Washington was born a slave; he thinks it was in the year 1858 or 1859, but his appearance is that of a man not over forty. As a speaker his chief characteristics are easy fluency, with an incisive, nervous diction that moulds his thoughts into short, clear-cut sentences and eschews the periodic form. He has a wonderful gift of humor. But behind the laughter in his words, one detects the almost plaintive tone of a man who has struggled and suffered almost to the point of despair, and who has borne the burdens of a despised people in his heart. When he leaves humor aside and deals seriously with his subject, he becomes impassioned, earnest to the point of vehemence, a very volcano of energy. And yet his eloquence is never mere rhetoric. It is the eloquence of reason, of common sense—the eloquence of a man who knows and knows that he knows. His vision is prophetic. Mr. Washington allays race prejudice, though stoutly championing the rights of the black man. If there is a solution for the problem of the color line, Mr. Washington has probably found that solution in industrial education for the negro as exemplified in his wonderful institution at Tuskegee. J. A. T.

a nearby park and sang and danced to their hearts' content. All of which goes to prove that when "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" has the field it is impossible to restrain the spirits of those who hear this delightful air.

* * *

The management of Shea's Theater promises for the coming week a well selected vaudeville bill. The Elinore Sisters will present a sketch entitled "Mrs. Delaney," said to be one of the most laughable farces on the stage. The Elinore Sisters are to star next season in their own company and this will be their last trip in vaudeville. The Elinore Sisters will be assisted in their act by four men. Cushman, Holcombe and Curtis will offer a new schoolroom skit entitled "A Winter Session," which is said to be hugely funny, the pranks of the big fellow who takes the part of the naughty boy being specially laughable. T. W. Eckert and Emma Berg will be heard in a Japanese operetta, "Little Pee Weet," which is one of the most handsomely staged acts on the road. They carry their own scenery and their voices are said to be good. The piano playing of Mr. Eckert, it is promised, will be one of the features of the show. The Five Juggling Johnsons, who are well known in Toronto, have just returned from Europe, where they astonished everybody with their skill as club jugglers. Loney Haskel in a new monologue, and "That Raskel," as he is called, besides Lillian and Shorty Dellin in an eccentric sketch; Swan and O'Day, blackface comedians, and the kinetograph, will complete the bill.

A Man of Force and Vision.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, who addressed over two hundred members of the Canadian Club at noon on Wednesday, and in the evening spoke to a large audience in Massey Hall on "Race Problems," made a deep impression in Toronto. Mr. Washington is not nearly "as black as he has been painted." His pictures convey the idea that he is a typical African of a very dark shade; as matter of fact he is decidedly light in color and considerable white blood undoubtedly flows in his veins. In feature and figure, however, he is typical of his race. He is short and thick-set, and his face, though light in color, is the face of the negro. Mr. Washington was born a slave; he thinks it was in the year 1858 or 1859, but his appearance is that of a man not over forty. As a speaker his chief characteristics are easy fluency, with an incisive, nervous diction that moulds his thoughts into short, clear-cut sentences and eschews the periodic form. He has a wonderful gift of humor. But behind the laughter in his words, one detects the almost plaintive tone of a man who has struggled and suffered almost to the point of despair, and who has borne the burdens of a despised people in his heart. When he leaves humor aside and deals seriously with his subject, he becomes impassioned, earnest to the point of vehemence, a very volcano of energy. And yet his eloquence is never mere rhetoric. It is the eloquence of reason, of common sense—the eloquence of a man who knows and knows that he knows. His vision is prophetic. Mr. Washington allays race prejudice, though stoutly championing the rights of the black man. If there is a solution for the problem of the color line, Mr. Washington has probably found that solution in industrial education for the negro as exemplified in his wonderful institution at Tuskegee. J. A. T.

Misunderstood.

A YOUNG lady was recently spending her first month in the Latin Quarter of Paris. She spoke English fluently, also German; she could make a fair stagger at Italian, and knew a few words of Hindostanee, but of French not a syllable. One morning she found herself in a wrestling match with a bottle of French shoe blacking. The pesky bottle, understanding that it had to deal with an alien, refused to give up its cork. She had no corkscrew of her own, and did not know how to ask for one, even if she dared suspect that her next-door neighbor might be possessed of the luxury. The tine of her pet fork she had bent on the obstinate plug, the point of her best penknife she had broken off short, and nothing remained except to throw the bottle out of a window to get at its contents. She decided, as a last resort, to try breaking the neck off the bottle. With a "stove lid lifter" she administered several cautious taps in the region of the jugular of the obstinate neck. "Nuthin' doin'." Then she tapped harder still, and the blacking came. All over her fingers it came, all over her light woollen skirt and over much of the floor and window sill. She decided to have the skirt cleaned, and, packing it into a bundle, tripped off to an establishment where she found embarrassment because she could not understand questions. Finally she got the drift of the conversation. The cleaners wanted to know what had caused the spot. Fortunately, a bottle of shoe blacking was standing near by, and she pointed at this and "ouid" and "oudi" until she left in heightened spirits, feeling that she was not helpless, and that she had made the cleaners understand. When the skirt was duly returned the following week imagine her disappointment, surprise and indignation—it was dyed black.

Fare.

Ill fares the land, and that in various ways,
Where wealth accumulates, and health decays.
Instead of good, substantial bread and meat,
Some malted, predigested mush we eat.—
We break our fast with mush, off mush we lunch,
At dinner mush, and yet more mush we munch.—
"Life."



Prohibition Party to Liquor Party—Get ready, sir. I'm going to give you the confoundedest licker you ever got.

Church Music in Toronto.

VII.—ST. SIMON THE APOSTLE.

THE services last Sunday at St. Simon's Church were held in connection with the opening of the reconstructed organ, and I took the opportunity of attending the "Evensong." The church was completely filled by the congregation, and it was evident from remarks I overheard before the service commenced that there was a good deal of expectant curiosity as to the result of the experimental alterations which had been made to the organ by the builder as suggested by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the organist and choirmaster. The finishing touches to the instrument had only been completed late on Saturday night, so that these services afforded the first practical test of its capabilities. I was given a seat almost at the back of the auditorium, and consequently found myself close to the great organ, which had been placed at the extreme end of the nave, facing the altar, while the swell and choir sections had been erected in the chancel. From this position I heard effects that I should say had not been contemplated either by organist or builder. When the choir was singing with the "great," the accompaniment was heard just a shade in advance of the sound of the voices, and when the chancel organ was used alternatively it seemed like a tardy echo of the "great." The effect of the pedal of the "great" was still more curious, the base notes standing out bald and startling as if apart from the choir. It is difficult to say whether the result was wholly due to the acoustics of the church, or partly to some defect in the connections. I estimated that the distance from the chancel to the great organ is about one hundred feet, and according to the laws of sound velocity, in that case a person seated where I was would hear the choir about one-twelfth of a second after the accompaniment on the "great." To an auditor at the other end of the church, the effect would be reversed. Evidently the acoustics were a factor in the phenomenon, for later, on changing my seat to one near the center of the church, I heard the different sections of the organ quite satisfactorily. I presume that the intention in adopting the present arrangement was to aid the congregational singing by putting the great organ where it would not be muffled.

The musical service at this church is of the plain cathedral style. Mr. Harrison, who has been organist and director since the foundation of the church in 1888, has now a choir of forty-two voices, divided as follows: Twenty boy sopranos, two boy altos, seven tenors, and thirteen basses. He has gradually organized and trained the boys and has brought them to a satisfactory state of efficiency for the Anglican service. He has no solo boys, or at any rate, if he has, he does not employ them in solo work. The choir is surpiced in white, and makes the usual processional and recessional entrance and exit. The selections were not at all pretentious or ornate. The opening organ voluntary was Boehm's "Prière" (Suite Gothique), a quiet and suggestive preface to the devotions. After the processional hymn, "Rejoice, ye Pure in Heart," and the festal responses of Tallis, Marks' "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimitis" in C were sung. The anthem, to which as a rule not much prominence is given at St. Simon's, was the "All Men, all Things" from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." In this, owing, no doubt, to my unfortunate position, the effect was somewhat cloudy, but the technical delivery of the choir was apparently clear. The adult section of the choir sang throughout effectively and with good power and tone considering their numbers, while the voices of the boys were always sweet, and their attack was well posed. In the congregational singing I missed the solidity, sonority and zest in praise which proved so inspiring in the singing at several other churches I have visited recently. There was altogether too much treble. Upon counting the occupants of the benches in my vicinity, I found that there were about six women to every man. Whether the same proportion obtained throughout the auditorium I cannot say. I must admit that the fair devotees sang with much enthusiasm and with a pleasant quality of voice, and it speaks well for them that their efforts were not discouraged in the absence of a more dominant masculine co-operation. Stainer's "Sevenfold Amen" and the recessional hymn to the tune of Haydn's "God Preserve the Emperor" concluded the service proper.

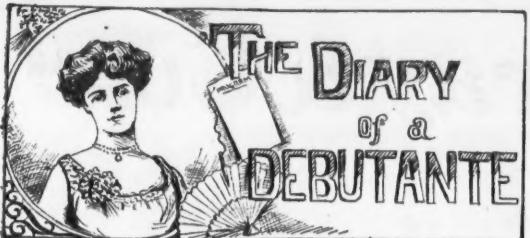
I have already spoken of the uniform sweetness of the boys' voices. They showed evidences in all that they attempted of careful training, both musically and technically. Mr. Harrison, I understand, in his instruction of the boys in voice production has adopted the method, advocated by leading authorities, of developing the "head" tones and training the voices downwards, employing descending exercises almost exclusively. The system seems to be very successful, judging from what I heard, in maintaining the musical quality and uniformity of the voices. With these boys the nasal and forced chest notes, so disagreeable a feature of the singing of many boys' choirs in Canada, are conspicuous by their absence.

About half the congregation retained their seats on the conclusion of the order of service to hear Mr. Harrison play on the new organ. His solos were the "Andante and Allegro Maestoso" from Mendelssohn's fourth organ Sonata, Wheeldon's "Cantilene," Renaud de Vilboc's "March Trionfale" and Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus. These were all played with legitimate organ style and sound execution, and, moreover, served to prove that for the size of the church, which will seat about eight hundred, the organ is sufficiently powerful and varied, and is a very serviceable instrument. Some pretty contrasts were brought out in the Wheeldon number, and the "Marche" was sufficiently brilliant. For the "Hallelujah" one would have preferred a more powerful instrument. The Sonata was conscientiously and artistically rendered. The organ cost \$16,000 to rebuild. As reconstructed it makes no pretensions to being a concert instrument. There are no fancy reed stops, Glockenspiel, Vox Humana, nor muted registers that one can scarcely hear. The "great" has seven registers, the "swell" ten, and the "choir" five. The pedal organ has three sixteen foot stops. There are the necessary mechanical accessories in the shape of couplers, electric switches, "great to swell" and "great to choir," with pneumatic pistons to "great." It will need some more experience with the present arrangement to decide positively as to the curious acoustics. The congregation considers that the church is excellent for sound-carrying properties.

It is only just to Mr. Harrison to say that the musical services of the church have been developed from modest beginnings commensurately with the material growth of the congregation. There are indications that an enlargement of the church in the near future, the more especially as the church ministers to a large and expanding district. The expansion of the musical service will necessarily, however, have to be confined within certain limits. The elaborate anthems and selections drawn upon in the leading Methodist churches would perhaps be inadmissible. It is Mr. Harrison's object to bring up the choral singing to the highest state of church efficiency, and inclusively to maintain the standard of the quality of the voices of the boys as well as of their singing. The service being such as it is does not offer so many opportunities for purely musical comments as would a more elaborate system. The order of the morning service may be quoted in this connection as giving a sample of the regular work: Opening voluntary, "Benediction Nuptiale," Saint-Saëns; processional, Hymn 307 A. and M.; "Venite," Anglican; "Te Deum" in C, Roland Smart; "Benedictus," Anglican; "Kyrie," Agutter; Nicene creed, Agutter; anthem during offertory, "Rejoice in the Lord," Calkin; "Sanctus," "Benedictus" and "Agnus Dei" in E flat, Roland Smart; "Sevenfold Amen," Stainer; "Nunc Dimitis," Anglican.

CHERUBINO.

THE
S
any enthusiasm flushed with passion of patriotic Jack-o'-lanterns, I thought some brave souls abominating trying the angry winter first attempt young girls perched quizzically last girl, Mamma, does she were don't think course, n
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THERE is decidedly nothing sensuous about the Scotch! I've been trying to learn the Scotch dances, that I may not be behind the rest of the young folks at the St. Andrew's Ball, but I cannot get up any enthusiasm for them. They make me very hot and very flushed and very tired, and they are so jiggety, no suggestion of poetry or motion in them, rather a will-o'-the-wisp. Jack-o'-lanternish sort of progression, and vastly disturbing, I think. And then, there is always a possibility of some brawny Scot hooking on to one's bare arm and leaving a red mark for the rest of the evening. They hook on so abominably tight! The girls I know insisted upon my trying them, and that girl who nearly made Mrs. Bountiful angry with me at the dinner screamed with laughter at my first attempt. "Luke at Miss Debutante," said a Scotch young girl. "She's so serious over it. Luke how she points her fute," and the other girl laughed again and whispered (quite a stage whisper!), "And yet the men say she dances well. Quel gout!" I have tried to be nice to that last girl, but I shall have to own I don't find it easy. I told Mamma once, when she had been quite rude to me. "Why does she do it?" I questioned, and Mamma smiled as if she were very much amused and said, "Really, dawtie, I don't think I'll tell you. Poor young lady!" which, of course, makes it more mysterious than ever.

* * *

The only other person I told was the Butterfly, or rather he saw her being rude, and asked me whether I minded. I said, "Of course I do," and perhaps he told her so, for she is rather nicer since, which reminds me that the Butterfly hasn't been nearly so much with me lately. He has rather taken up with a very jolly girl from the East. I miss him sometimes, but there is always some one to take his place. The rude lady says the girl from the East is a hoyden—to me she seems all that is bright and lovable. Ah! I wonder whether the rude lady doesn't like to have the Butterfly very attentive to anyone. Perhaps that is why Mamma laughed. Still, no one takes the Butterfly seriously, unless perhaps the rude lady may. I am beginning to find society very interesting, wheels within wheels. Formerly, it never occurred to me that deep feuds could go on for years and years between people who were always smiling and sweet to one another. But I find such is the case, and I understand how wise Mamma's caution was about expressing opinions. One might tell one of these smiling ladies something not perhaps quite complimentary to the other, and that one would repeat one's words to annoy that other one. It was, indeed, wise caution, and has kept me out of several holes, because in Mamma's circle there are several deep feuds on. It's like walking over gunpowder mines sometimes!

* * *

There was a great discussion at a house where I was spending the evening a few nights ago, about the temperance question. They said we should all be very much interested in it, and some one asked whether the debutantes would use their influence with their men friends to get them to give up indulging in wine. Fancy me asking the Butterfly not to take sherry with his soup. What an impertinence! Charlie Jones doesn't care for wine, and I'm sure if I asked him to stop taking a glass of beer he'd think I was crazy. My father takes a glass of whiskey and water at bedtime every night of his life, and sometimes Mamma takes a tiny one with him, and they tease each other for being such old toppers. Fancy my daring to tell them they shouldn't! There is something wrong about "You shall" and "You sha'n't," unless, of course, it's policemen and criminals, and I don't believe they'll ever make a temperate nation that way. Still, as I don't know much about persons who take too much wine, except some silly boys and old men at dinners and weddings and suppers, who can't let the champagne alone, I shouldn't, according to Mamma, express an opinion about the matter. I don't believe I shall think about it any more, just now.

* * *

My interesting lady gave me a tea the other day, and asked Mamma if I might "assist." I don't quite think Mamma wanted to say yes, but she did. The interesting lady's mother was a great, great friend of Mamma's mother! There's always something like that behind things—at all events, I went to assist. The tea was large and the work was hard. When the last guest had gone, I was so tired I wanted to weep, and when the hostess said she had asked the Corsair and a few other men to dinner and to spend the evening, I had to beg her to let me go home at once. I met the Butterfly as I was going to my cab, and when I told him how perfectly worn out I was he came home with me. I trembled so with fatigue that I could scarcely step into the cab, and once there I collapsed, until I found him helping me up our own front steps. He came in, and I heard him scolding in a very savage voice when he and Mamma met in the library. Norah took off my shoes and bathed my head, and told me Mamma had asked the Butterfly to dinner and wanted me to come down at nine if I felt able. I put on a soft kimono and lay down for an hour after I had some dinner. When I woke up it was eleven! Mamma was sitting on my bed and looking seriously at me. "Well, my child," she said, in a queer little voice, "did you sleep through it all?" "All what?" I asked. "The dinner, and the scolding of the Butterfly, do you mean?" Mamma put her arms around me, and I saw she had been crying. Mamma, of all women! "Not just the scolding of the Butterfly, though that was bad enough," she said, gently. "What did he say to you on the way home, my child?" "I'm sure I don't know," I said, yawning, "for I believe I was asleep. I know I had my head on his shoulder." "He says you fainted, dawtie." "Good gracious!" was all I could think of, and I said it. "You don't remember what he said?" persisted Mamma. "Not one word, Mother dear. Why do you want to know?" Mamma put her arms tighter around me. "I don't," she said, laughing. "Now, drink this hot milk, and get your things off and to bed; and never, never ask me to allow you to assist at a tea again, because you are not sturdy enough, and, oh! dawtie, dawtie, you are my only one!" And Mamma really did cry, then, and laughed and kissed me. And I declare I can't imagine what was the matter with her!

* * *

But all these things are trifles compared to a very great sensation I have had. It all came from my getting those flowers. They have been coming several times since—roses, lily of the valley and violets, until I really began to be curious about who had sent them. Papa denied it, the Butterfly laughed at me. I know Charlie Jones couldn't, because he's only a student and has hardly any money. No other man who is very attentive to me was left to guess but the Englishman. So last night in the conservatory I asked him straight out if he had been my good fairy, because I did want to thank him. We've been great friends, you know, in a quiet, nice way; I always save him two dances (and we always sit them out, because he really does dance abominably), and we've had such good talks. You know he was the first person who ever made me talk, because he listened so beautifully. When I asked him about the flowers he laughed and said, "Not guilty," and asked me whether I really didn't know, and then apologized at once quite formally. Suddenly he said, "I am going to tell you the story of my past life," not in joke, as the slang saying is, but very seriously, so that I was at once im-

TWO OF LAST WEEK'S DEBUTANTES.

Miss Irene Britton.
Photos by Lynde.

Miss Emma H. Gilmour.

pressed. Oh, my dear Diary, I must confess I cried! I am like Mamma, not very emotional, but it is the very first tragedy I've known about. The Englishman is married and his wife has gone away from him and taken their little child, and he wants to see it so much, and it's such a pity and he spoke so beautifully of the pleasure he'd taken in our talks, and said the loveliest things about me. I really can't write them down, and just in the midst of it all there came that woman who had laughed at me about the flowers, and she began shrieking. "Oh, you naughty girl, every one thought you had gone home, and here you are, flirting like a hardened coquette." I bounced at her (wasn't it dreadful of me?) and snapped at her, and said, "How dare you?" and when she had gasped and stared and the Englishman had taken himself away. I apologized as nicely as I could, and explained that he had been telling me a very sad story of a friend in England, and that I had been so grieved that I'd lost my manners, and wouldn't she please overlook it? And what do you think that dreadful woman said? "I really don't know, Miss Debutante, whether you are a clever minx or rather a fool."

Converting People to the Theater.

THE successful and popular run of two weeks which the spectacular drama, "Ben Hur," had in this city raises the question whether it would not pay the theaters, as a simple business proposition, to appeal to a wider constituency, much of which they do not at present touch, by giving us more plays of a high moral tone and thus enlisting the support of a class who ordinarily shun the drama as a plague. It is noteworthy that plays which make a distinct appeal to religious sentiment are generally well patronized. Some of the most marked financial successes recorded in the recent annals of the stage have been with dramas belonging to this class. There are an immense number of people who do not regularly, nor even occasionally, patronize theatrical entertainments; their attitude towards the theater is one of distrust or of indifference. Many of these people can be induced to go to the play only when they are assured of its moral bona fides or when it makes a pronounced appeal to their personal predilections in some special regard. From the business point of view, if from no other, the problem of the box-office ought to be to widen the constituency of the theater, to make theater-goers of non-theater-goers, and to reconcile, if possible, the divergent tastes of those whose sole desire is entertainment and those who look for some tinge of moral edification in their pleasures.

"Ben Hur" was well supported by the public of Toronto, and doubtless would have been even better supported had the prices of seats not been raised beyond the regular figures. There can be no question that a great many people who ordinarily do not darken the door of a theater from one year to another, went to see this remarkable spectacular and religious production. Anyone who is accustomed to Toronto audiences could see that the crowds which nightly assembled in the cosy Princess Theater were not average crowds of amusement lovers. Mr. O. B. Sheppard, the manager of the house, is disposed to scout the idea that all the strangers within his gates were Toronto people to whom the religious element in "Ben Hur" was an irresistible attraction. Mr. Sheppard points out that there were organized many special parties from surrounding towns. He thinks that the book having had a remarkable vogue, and the play being a famous triumph of spectacular stage-craft, it was natural that many people should desire to see the production, who do not ordinarily take much stock in the drama. But he argues that, strong as was the religious appeal of "Ben Hur," this appeal was not effective in making the engagement as profitable as the average attraction which makes no particular concession to the religiously inclined. In this connection it must, of course, be taken into account that the "Ben Hur" production was an unusually elaborate and expensive affair.

The very fact that it attracted a number of persons from a distance outside the city seems to bear out the contention that the theaters are making a mistake in sticking season after season to the musty forms of musical comedy, melodrama and light society plays which have been their usual stock in trade from time almost immemorial. They can get away from the conventional with advantage to them-

selves. When they do get away from the conventional they widen their constituency. The man or the woman who goes once to the theater and is pleased is not unlikely to go again. Theater-going is a habit that is easily formed. One play such as "Ben Hur" does more to break down the prejudices of a certain class against the playhouses than anything else could possibly do, because it brings people of this prejudiced class into the theater and shows them that it is not such a bad place to be in as they had imagined.

This, to be sure, is hardly Mr. O. B. Sheppard's view. Discussing the question with the writer, Mr. Sheppard contended that the theater, not the play, was the dividing line between those who condemn and those who countenance dramatic entertainments. A great many people simply would not come to a theater, no matter how elevating the play might be. The difficulty, Mr. Sheppard says, is that so many church people do not discriminate between artistic and elevating performances, like those of Mr. Willard for example, and demoralizing shows like "Zaza." They place them all on a level and in the same category, instead of supporting the good and condemning the evil. If the best element in the community would countenance the best actors and the best plays, and would patronize them more cordially, more unequivocally, questionable productions would find it far harder to succeed. Mr. Sheppard is quite willing that the theaters shall conform more to the ideals of the churches, but he says the churches must also be ready to recognize good work done in the theaters. There must be a better understanding between the two, and a more tolerant spirit, before either institution can help the other.

Mr. Sheppard also points out, reasonably enough, that in a city of Toronto's size a theatrical manager must provide variety. People soon grow tired of a run of a single class of attractions; they demand frequent change. The secret of managerial success is not to give the public too much of any one thing, but to give them as far as possible the best in every line. The manager of the Princess is evidently obeying his own precept in bringing Rice's "Show Girl" on the heels of "Ben Hur." There is nothing improper in the show at the Princess this week, but it is frankly and ostentatiously frivolous. It does not contain one serious line. It is clever and bright, but it is flippant. It is the sort of piece that, without being in the least immoral, has tended inevitably to lower the moral tone of the modern stage and to confine theater-going as a habit to those who have both time and money to squander, with, at the same time, an itching to have the senses rather than the heart or the intellect ministered unto.

LANCE.

The Wish to be Young Again.

We all say that we'd like to be young again, but I doubt if we really mean it, writes Harvey Sutherland in "Ainslee's." We'd like to have as good health as we had when we cast our first vote, and we'd like it if we didn't have to visit the dentist so often and so expensively. But if it came to the point that the Genii bounced out before us and sulkily growled, "What is your wish? I will obey, I and the other slaves of the lamp," I fancy we should study quite a while with many a "Why-ab, let me see, now," before we plucked up the courage to blurt out, "Make me twenty-one again." Because, you know, you haven't any too much sense now, with all your experience of the world, and if you were twenty-one again it would have to be in mind as well as in body. The mind is what the body is. It seems a terrible price to pay for a new set of teeth and an undiscriminating appetite. What? To walk again that weary, tortuous road; to discover again how many kinds of a fool and a failure one can be and not half try, either; to have to take over again all those terms of old Prof. Experience—huh-uh! Not for me. You may if you like. Even if I could start anew with what I have learned of life, which would come far short of what I should really need, it seems to me that it would be a bore to have to sit through the performance again. I suppose if ever there was a successful man, a lucky man, it was Martin Luther, and yet when the Electress of Brandenburg wished him forty more birthdays, he told her he would sooner give up every hope of heaven he had than spend forty years more on earth. To be sure, he would have had to spend them in Germany, but that's a detail.

IT MAY COME TO THIS.



Whoa! Go back! Scab fire!

Unionization of Public Servants.

IN one of the United States labor conclaves recently, it was decided to "unionize" the letter-carriers and affiliate the drivers of postal wagons with other Drivers' Associations throughout the Union. The dangerous nature of such a proposition must be recognized by everyone who remembers the incident of not many months ago in Australia, where a Government was overthrown by its employees banding themselves together to resist a decrease in pay made necessary by a deficit. It is intolerable to think of unions of either labor or capital combining against the general public or a Government. A recent case has served to rivet attention on this matter. In Schenectady, N.Y., where strikes have been in progress for some time, a man named Potter, who had served in the National Guard during the recent rioting in the Hudson Valley railway region, was discharged by his employers at the demand of the local unions. Potter, it appears, had served with credit throughout the war with Spain and was a competent workman, but his employers could not afford to risk trouble with the labor organizations. It is preposterous that labor unions should try to dominate either the army or the militia or should interfere with the Government without being made answerable, as are all other individuals and associations who are held guilty of treason if they do likewise.

There are two suggestions put forward in connection with this Schenectady incident of very unequal value. The New York National Guard proposes to debar all union men from membership in the militia, and retire at the end of their terms those who are in it. The other one is to prosecute for treason those guilty of interfering with the action or freedom of the soldiery in matters of public polity. Neither should the Unions interfere with the militia, nor in a time of peace and quiet should the militia interfere with the Unions by making rules against them. Each incident should be treated by itself and no general line of boycotting policy should be adopted by the military authorities.

The lengths to which the strikers in Schenectady were ready to go was shown by the attempted but ineffectual boycott of everyone riding on the local railway. That there is no gas or electric light is merely an incident to the strikers, but it must be a painful thing to those whose homes are left in darkness. Just now workmen, workwomen, and even boys, of every kind, are extraordinarily scarce, and employers and business men are easily terrified. But the cure will come either with a return of a scarcity of employment, or so intolerant will the triumphant men become that the thing will effect its own remedy. In the meantime Canada should prepare itself at the next session of Parliament against such evils by passing a compulsory arbitration law making it a conspiracy for anyone in the public service to plan a general deprivation of the people, either local or general, of the use of either Governmental transportation and communicatory institutions or those public conveniences organized municipally for the convenience of all classes alike.

A Chinese Photographer.

THE great North-West of Canada has produced many odd features, and has the distinction of having the only Chinese photographer in America. Eighteen years ago Lloyd Wing Lee was an apprentice in the largest photograph parlors of the Mee Chong Company at Hong Kong, China. Wing Lee was a cousin to Mee Chong and he was permitted to learn the trade, and served three years. He came to British Columbia, but had no success with the white patrons on the Coast, and removed to Moosomin, Manitoba, where he took pictures for seven years. Then he removed to Wolesey, N.W.T., where he now has his gallery, and his work

has been reproduced in the "Strand" magazine, London, and Toronto papers.

Dooley on the Doings of Royalty.

COMMENTING on the columns of space devoted to the doings of Royalty in the daily newspapers, F. Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" says:

"The king business is like a poker game. It's been goin' on fr a long time, an' whinivit puts its money in we lay down thinkin' we was up again' a hand full iv kings an' queens. But th' minyit they're a show-down th' bluff is over. Thin we see that th' hand that we were afraid iv is composed intirely iv sixins, sixes, an' dooces, with maybe wan jack that looks like a king on'y to near-sighted people. A show-down is death to rilety. Whin I was a boy, if a king fell out with his folks, no wan knew iv it but th' earls an' markesses an' jooks that overheard th' row while they were waitin' on th' table. They didn't say anything, but wrote it down in a note book an' published it after they was dead. Whin th' king passed th' butther plate so high to his wife that it caught her in th' eye, it was a rile secret. Whin his rile spouse pulled his majesty around th' room be th' hair iv th' head, th' tale remained in th' fam'ly till it got into history. Whin wan iv th' princesses threatened to skip with a jook, th' king touched th' spring iv th' rile. Augoostina Climentina Sofia Maria Mary Ann, wint down among th' coal an' th' potatoes an' niver was heerd iv again. But nowadays 'tis diff'rent. Th' window shades is up at th' king's house as well as ivrywhere else. Th' gas is lighted an' we see his majesty stormin' around because th' dinner is late, kickin' the rile dog, whalin' th' prines in th' blood with a lathe, brushin' his crown before goin' out, shavin' his chin, sneakin' a drhink at bedtime, jawin' his wife an' makin' faces at his daughter."

Sonnet to a Terrier.

The "Monthly Review" prints a sonnet—dissembled, it is true, by an unconventional typographical arrangement, but a sonnet all the same—in which a rather fresh note is firmly struck. It is called "To a Terrier" and runs thus:

Poor little mortal! In that wiry frame
Reason and energy are well expressed,
And memory and faithful love confessed;
Thou hast a central will, a special name,

A moral nature, shown by sense of shame
When, different motives battling in thy breast,
Thou hast preferred the worst and left the best.
Knowing full well the act that merits blame,

If all thy hopes are in this earthly span
Of fleeting life, thou art a charge indeed;
They all depends upon thy master, man.

But if in thee is strong immortal seed,
If thy feet press the course we lately ran,
Then let us help a brother at his need.

The sonnet is by Mary E. Richmond, and many people will be glad to find her working the same vein again. Certainly there is no lack of themes. And if Miss Richmond has done so well by a mere terrier with only one soul, what will she do with the Cat, which, as everybody knows, has nine lives and seven devils?

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Anecdotal.

Elizabeth Cadet Stanton was once giving a piece of advice to a roomful of young men in a little village on the subject of matrimony. "When you marry," she said, "choose a woman with a spine and a sound set of teeth." "Good gracious! Mrs. Stanton," remarked one of her listeners, in alarm, "do they ever come without spines?"

Professor Powers of Cornell's political economy department was discussing the changed attitude that people have assumed (and in his opinion rightly assumed) toward the conveniences and the luxuries of life. "At a Methodist church convention," he said, "the delegates were talking on that subject, when an old graybeard arose and exclaimed angrily to the presiding bishop: 'I suppose you came here in a private car?' 'Yes,' the bishop answered; 'do you know any way more comfortable?'

When Labouchere was an attaché of the British Ambassador to the United States a Briton of the consequential species descended on the ministry at Washington demanding to see his country's representative. "He's not in," said Labouchere. "Then I'll wait," said the Briton pomposly, seating himself. At the end of half an hour came the query, "When—er—do you—er—expect Lord Lyons back?" "Oh, in six months or so," said the ever-obliging attaché. "He left for Europe this morning. But you said you'd wait, you know."

A manufacturer not one hundred miles from the city tells a good joke on himself. He is credited with being extremely disagreeable to his employees. A man just arrived in this country called on him one day to ask for work. "Have you a recommendation of character?" he asked the stranger. "No," he replied, "but I have friends in the village who will give me one." Putting his bundle on the floor, he left. In the course of half an hour he returned, took up his bundle and was leaving the office without a word. "Did you get your character?" asked the manufacturer. The man, without halting a moment or raising his eyes, said: "No, mister, but I got yours."

Kitchener's seething sarcasm is well illustrated by the reply he is said to have sent to the leader of a not over-successful column. This officer had several slight engagements with the enemy, mainly consisting of flinging a few shells at them at long range. After each engagement he wired to the commander-in-chief substantially: "During action several Boers seen to drop from their saddles." The thing was becoming tiresome, for Lord Kitchener's rule was that only those actually "gathered" should be counted. He soon thought of a remedy, and sent back to the officer this polite telegram: "I hope when they fall they do not hurt themselves."

The Scotch of Glenary are largely, probably mainly, of "the old faith," and this story told by Senator McMillan touches upon that fact, and also introduces one of the old-time giants of that county. This particular giant was Big Alex McDonald, uncle of the bishop of the same name. "Big Alex," the senator began, "was probably the only man who went over the Chaudiere Falls and lived. Shortly after his escape he visited his uncle, then a simple priest, and

his marvelous escape, with the incident of hanging desperately to a floating crib while being tossed about in the turbulent waters, formed the subject of conversation. "It must have been a great comfort to you to know that the saints were with you in your peril," remarked the priest. "Oh, yes," responded Alex, "but it was also a comfort to know I was a tame good swimmer."

The following incident occurred at an entertainment in a large provincial town in England. On the programme a certain vocalist was down to sing "The Miner's Dream of Home," and to add special effect to the song he, having a friend a fireman at the fire station, about three minutes' walk from the hall, ran out and borrowed his topboots. His turn on the programme came around. He appeared on the stage in all the glory of a blouse, slouch hat, white breeches and (the fireman's) topboots. His rendering of the song was a great success up to the middle of the second verse, when a commotion was heard at the entrance of the hall. Then a hot and eager fireman forced his way through the audience up to the footlights and bawled out at the top of his voice: "Bill, you've got to come out of them 'ere boots if you value your life. I'm called to a fire!"

That Lord Kitchener has no patience with inefficiency, is proved by the story of the private in the Royal Engineers, who one day reported himself ill and unfit for duty. The medical officer of the corps examined him, decided that the man was malingerer, and ordered him back to duty. Against this there was no appeal. The soldier returned to his work, which was preparing planks for a temporary bridge. He found himself too weak to work, and said so to the sergeant. "Why not lay the case before Lord Kitchener?" said the sergeant; "he is in the office now." "Oh, I dare not," replied the man, "he is too stand-off and cold." "Well, if you are afraid, I'll do it myself," and he did. "Order the man here at once," said the commander-in-chief, without looking up, "and also Drs. Y. and X." Each of these he made examine the patient in his presence. They both reported typhoid in a marked stage. "Send for Dr. Z," slowly muttered Lord Kitchener. "Please, Dr. Z., examine this man carefully; he is either ill or malingering." Dr. Z. performed the commanded task, and nervously said: "Sir, I fear I have made a mistake; this man is in the early stages of typhoid." "Have this man at once removed to the hospital," Kitchener exclaimed; "and you, sir, apply to the adjutant for your papers, and at your earliest convenience return to England."

A Test Experiment.

Peculiar Power Possessed by a New Medicine.

For new discoveries there is no end, but one of the most recent, most remarkable and one which will prove invaluable to thousands of people is a discovery which it is believed will take the place of all other remedies for the cure of those common and obstinate diseases, dyspepsia and stomach troubles. This discovery is not a loudly advertised, secret patent medicine, but is a scientific combination of wholesome, perfectly harmless vegetable essences, fruit salts, pure pepsin and bismuth.



These remedies are combined in lozenges, pleasant to take, and will preserve their good qualities indefinitely, whereas all liquid medicines rapidly lose whatever good qualities they may have had as soon as uncorked and exposed to the air.

This preparation is called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and it is claimed that one of these tablets or lozenges will digest from 300 to 3,000 times its own weight of meat, eggs and other wholesome food. And this claim has been proven by actual experiments in the following manner: A hard boiled egg cut into small pieces was placed in a bottle containing warm water heated to ninety-eight degrees (or blood heat), one of these Tablets was then placed in the bottle and the proper temperature maintained for three hours and a half, at the end of which time the egg was as completely digested as it would have been in a healthy stomach. This experiment was undertaken to demonstrate that what it would do in the bottle it would also do in the stomach, hence its unquestionable value in the cure of dyspepsia and weak digestion. Very few people are free from some form of indigestion, but scarcely two will have the same symptoms. Some will suffer most from distress after eating, bloating from gas in the stomach and bowels, others have acid dyspepsia or heartburn, others piles or headaches, sleeplessness, pains in chest and under shoulder-blades, extreme nervousness as in nervous dyspepsia, but they all have some cause, failure to properly digest what is eaten. The stomach must have rest and assistance, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets give it both, by digesting the food for it and in a short time it is restored to its normal action and vigor. At same time the Tablets are so harmless that a child can take them with benefit. This new preparation has already made many astonishing cures, as for instance, the following:

After using only one package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets I have received such great and unexpected benefit that I wish to express my sincere gratitude. In fact, it has been six months since I took the package, and I have not had one particle of distress or difficulty since. And all this in the face of the fact that the best doctors I consulted told me my case was Chronic Dyspepsia and absolutely incurable as I had suffered twenty-five years. I distributed half a dozen packages among my friends here, and who are very anxious to try this remedy.

Mrs. SARAH A. SKEELES,
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Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full-sized packages.

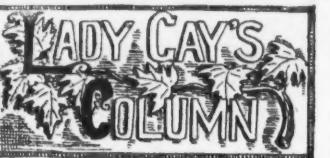
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Has She Struck the Right Note? Good Intentions, The Earthly Twins.

WOMAN writes: "May I give you my experience of domestic servants, presaging my remarks by saying that in twenty-five years of keeping house I have never had to discharge a servant, and the two who have left me would come back if I wanted them, while the four who are married are all happy and busy housekeepers in their own sphere of life?" In the past quarter of a century the whole tone of domestic life has gradually undergone a change; the heart has died out of it, killed in a large measure by the wealth and consequent uplifting of a lot of people without other than money values, without that personal dignity which cannot be impaired by interest and care for servants. The old imperceptible but ever-present dignity which gave authority to the mistress and won her exacted respect and acknowledgment is changed for a scornful superiority and a watchful resentment of any lapse in the attitude supposed to become a domestic servant. In my young days the shortcomings of domestics were whispered with regret and a conviction that with better direction and thought from the mistress it might have been possible to avert the clash or neglect or catastrophe."

Consequent upon the display and ostentation of the wealthy has come a conviction among those less endowed that display is what is necessary to advancement and consideration. The means may not be adequate, but the effort must be made, however foundationless, to do with five thousand what the other woman does with twenty thousand. Naturally this effort puts a strain somewhere, and it comes nearly always upon the home life. What woman, trying to cut a figure in dress, to give smart little dinners and teas, to be seen at all possible functions, and to bring out and settle her children where the most money is to be found, has time for the consideration of the natures, wants, tempers and happiness of her cook and maids? In this young country our servants cannot be made trained machines. Individuality is in the air. Above all, one must recognize human interests, and the idea that a mistress loses dignity in doing so could only be entertained by those ignorant or innate dignity and its unassimilable quality. The real remedy for the domestic service problem, so far as I have practised it, is in the sympathy of the employer, and her discreet acknowledgment of the fact that her servants are of the same flesh and blood as herself, need them even more than she needs them.

The barrier to her practising this method, if it lies in her determination to devote the whole of her time to selfish ambitions, or the idea that her money makes her in any way superior to her servants, or the fear that they have no other reason to consider and esteem her, and will take advantage of any show of human interest, is of course of her own building. A simpler and much more refined and dignified home-life and gentleness and humanity in her thoughts of her work-peopple, replacing the customary attitude of exasperation and distrust, will soon readjust the conditions of service and being served. It is well worth the trying, and I am hoping the clever common-sense and good-heartedness of Canadian women will unite to preserve the pleasant old-time relations of employer and employee. I can only repeat, that anyone strong-minded and kind-hearted enough to realize that domestic comfort is worth thought and domestic servants will repay it, will have no more trouble than I have with her household help. In my household my servants know that every care they expend on me and mine earns them not only wages, but gratitude and acknowledgement. Sometimes I am more than touched at their pleasure in doing well what they do for me and mine."

It strikes me that this old-fashioned woman's plan of getting the comfort and sweetmess out of life is nothing more nor less than the real Christianity, which the world has apparently laid aside for a time. That terror of criticism, jesting comment and misunderstanding which guides most of our actions in regard to others is so strong that it darkens our vision regarding values. A certain great lady was a terrible warning held up to the well-disposed mistress, and the various funny and annoying happenings in her household brigade were set down to her new, sympathetic, patriarchal way of managing the lower life (as one hesitates to call it) of her menage. But she had really gotten hold of the right idea, only, and not for the first time, she had the stick by the wrong end. Her methods were too obvious, her ideas too aggressively flung in the faces of all and sundry. And yet, artistically manipulated, these ideas are exactly the same as those so delightfully set forth by the old-fashioned woman who has struck so sweet and kind a keynote in this column to-day. Let us hear more of this sort of thing! For 'tis not colleges of domestic science, nor diplomas, nor unions, nor upstart agitators, that will give us back our good domestics. In spite of machinery and new thought, the heart and the need of humanity is the same, and the adage that a good mistress makes a good maid is as true as it ever was."

If there is one doctrine which comforts my soul it is that which says the intention is what is considered, not the act. For my life is full of good intentions turned down by pressing, frustrating work and the weakness of the willing flesh. It's just dreadful to meet the brown eyes, when she says, in reproachful tones, "You never came," and I realize that somewhere in the mist of by-gone days there was a promise, not kept, but bright with good intentions. It is horrible to see the blue eyes looking in that icy way blue eyes backed by a temper to look, and to hear the thin tonesay, sarcastically, "Oh, you're far too busy, I know, to keep your word, but I stayed in on purpose for you," and it's still more destructive to peace of mind to meet the resentment of someone who has asked a favor which demanded time absolutely unprocureable, and to be assured that (though one had promised to do one's best) no consideration had been expected. Whether good intentions pave

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the nether regions or not is a question, but if they do, they will warn me to keep out, after the acuteness of my punishment on their account in this life. Shouldn't I promise? Well, didn't I tell you I always intend to keep those promises?

I have just been giggling at the vagaries of the twins. They have only quite recently loomed up on my or any other horizon. They are about two feet high, wear red cotton gowns, with quaint square skirts, and one huge white button in the middle of the back as big as a quarter. No other buttons or decorations are visible at my altitude of sixty feet but those white crockery ones. The twins mostly inhabit a kitchen, to which one steps down from the yard level, and for hours, growing momentarily more grotesquely grimy, they climb up out of the kitchen and jump down into it again. The twins are as clean as circumstances will permit, and their little bullet heads are beautifully thatched with thick, golden hair, always smooth and shining. That pretty thatch and the cyclopean button make quite a scheme of color with the red cotton frocks. They crawl up, bearing large knives, hatchets and various dangerous weapons, and spring down and roll on the kitchen floor with these awful things clasped in their arms. The other day coal was dumped in the yard, and for hours, growing momentarily more grotesquely grimy, the twins carried lumps of it and laboriously threw them into the kitchen. Sometimes a shrill squeal tells that one twin has fallen foul of her sister, and a fight is speedily arranged. The method of warfare is curious. Each twin stoops down, seizes the front hem of her fellow's red frock and pulls. They both squeal and pull until, with artful suddenness, both let go, and sit swiftly down in the yard, facing each other, then, as swiftly rolling over, regain their feet and go calmly off in different directions, as if absolutely alone in the world. No matter how busy I am, I can always be lured to the window by a squeal, and always see the twins at war, and wait for the inevitable sit down and dispersion. The father of the twins is a decrepit rag-man, and the mother a busting, good-looking young woman, who adores them.

LADY GAY.

Mont Pelee.

M R. GEORGE KENNAN, who went to Martinique on the "Dixie" as correspondent for the "Outlook," has gathered in his book, "The Tragedy of Pelee," the results of his observations in May last. He takes issue in his conclusions with most of the geologists as to the nature and causes of the catastrophe that swept St. Pierre out of existence on May 8. Considerable space is given to an argument to show that the theory of a cloud of inflammable gas issuing from the volcano is unsupported, and that what actually occurred was more probably a scorching of the mountain-side by a "red-hot hurricane" of superheated steam. The position of the vent that discharged the hot blast could not be definitely determined at the time of this expedition, because the disturbed state of the volcano and the heat of the slope made proper observations out of the question. But from a study of such facts as Mr. Kennan was able to assemble, and from a comparison with descriptions of other volcanic explosions, notably that of the Japanese volcano Bandai-san, in 1888, and that of Tarawera in 1886, he concludes that the disaster which destroyed St. Pierre and its thirty thousand people in less than three minutes had its origin at or near the summit, and not from the lower crater, where the disturbance began; that the blast was composed of steam and lava dust disintegrated by exploding steam, and had practically no inflammable or asphyxiating gases in it; that the inhabitants of St. Pierre and the men killed in the roadstead came to their death by means of the overpowering heat of the onrushing steam and the still hotter dust particles carried in it, or, after being stunned, were burned to death by the fires started in inflammable objects by the volcanic dust.

The growth of dread of the devastating volcano in the minds of the visiting

observers makes an interesting record. They arrived on the scene with apparently little other emotion than a lively interest and curiosity. On one occasion, when Mr. Kennan and his party were driving toward the smoking Pelee, from which the natives were fleeing in panic-struck silence, carrying their chattels and their little children, one woman exclaimed, "Look at the poor unfortunate!" This was the attitude of the native negro. The cultivated residents, like Mr. Clerc, who accompanied the party, showed great courage. But their more personal relation to the catastrophe exposed them to greater strain. Mr. Clerc insisted on retreating from low-lying, unprotected spots when an eruption was beginning; and once, while they were prowling among the unrecognizable dead of the country villas in the Roxelane Valley, he broke down in a fit of sobbing and walked away from the party until he could regain his self-control.

The visitors caught some of this nervousness before they were done with their work. After this day among the dead, Mr. Kennan spent a most uneasy night. The second night after, Pelee broke into an eruption, and the party left Vive for a safer spot, but returned later in the night in their scientific enthusiasm and would not be rescued by their distracted host. The next day Pelee was still violent. Mr. Kennan's fellow-naturalist, overcome with the work of the night, lay ill abed and left him to brood over the yellow mud clouds and black showers of falling dust. He describes his growing anxiety in this manner:

"Before noon I had become so wrought up by anxiety and nervous strain that my imagination began to run away with me, and

The Lord Mayor and the Jews.

THE new Lord Mayor of London is a Jew. Unlike a great many of the Chosen People in England, Sir Marcus Samuel is also a practising Jew, proud of his race, publicly devoted to his faith. The Lord Mayor is not the all-powerful official he is thought to be on the Continent. He is not the Mayor of all London, but only of the City of London, and the "City" is but a fraction of the whole. Greater London has roughly, a population of six millions, but in the six hundred and fifty acres that comprise the "City" there is a resident population at night of only 38,000, and by day of little over 300,000. It is as though Mr. Seth Low, ruled New York only from the City Hall to Wall street, and some other authority looked after the rest. And even within this area the powers of the Lord Mayor and of the twenty-six aldermen and the two hundred-odd common councillors are by no means autocratic. Much of what used to lie within his and their province has been taken over by the London County Council. In fact, the average Londoner never thinks of the Lord Mayor as an edict-making, law-giving official. He stands altogether apart, in the popular mind, from questions of rates and assessments, schools and police. Very few people could say what legislative functions, if any, he fulfills. They may have heard that he is the Chief Magistrate of the courts, but beyond that their knowledge of his precise duties does not stray. It is the social and decorative side of his position that impresses the public. The Lord Mayor is never without his badge, and rarely without his robes and chains of office. He rides abroad in a magnificently gilded coach with outriders, powdered coachmen and footmen in cocked hats and silk knee-breeches, sending a gleam of gold through the dirty drab of London. Whenever there is a public procession, there you will find the Lord Mayor on horseback, holding his sword of state before him, a glittering and resplendent figure. The Lord Mayor's Show on November 9 is one of England's few annual pageants, and, uncoast as it is, has a warm place in the hearts of the populace. And, besides all this, he has some rights and privileges of four hundred years' standing. No troops may pass the city boundaries without his leave. The sovereign himself has to ask for permission to enter the city walls, just as he has to ask for permission to enter the House of Commons. The Lord Mayor shares with the officer and sentries on duty at the Tower the day's password, and thus has a partial responsibility for the safeguarding of the crown and royal insignia. He is the first to be informed of any great public event that has happened. But it is as the host at the famous Guildhall banquets that his name is widest known, and it is in this capacity that he best represents the metropolis. Princes, statesmen, distinguished foreigners, sometimes the reigning sovereign, are continually being entertained within its halls. The annual dinner to the Cabinet ranks as one of the great political events of the year. On such occasions you get public hospitality at its best. For taste and magnificence there is nothing in Europe to equal a banquet at the Mansion House, with its heralds and marshals of antique cut, its wondrous gold plate, and the passing of the famous loving-cup. Next to dinner-giving, the chief function of the Lord Mayor would seem to be that of money-raising. Hardly a year goes by in which the Mansion House is not called upon to open a subscription list on behalf of some public object, and as the opening of such a list is a guarantee that the object in view is a good one and that the money will be well spent, colossal sums are quickly raised. During the last Indian famine all but \$3,000,000 was subscribed to the Lord Mayor's Fund in six weeks. London is really too big to have any corporate life, but so far as it has a public center at all, that center is to be looked for in the Mansion House. Even though he is not elected by the people and rules only a fraction of the metropolis, the Lord Mayor on all public occasions stands for London. It is an exacting and in many ways a difficult post to fill. It is also an expensive one. Though he only holds office for a year and is allowed a salary of \$50,000, a Lord Mayor leaves the Mansion House anywhere from \$10,000 to \$30,000 poorer than he entered it.

And just because his official duties are so largely social and ornamental, it is all the more interesting that the Lord Mayor for the coming year should be a Jew. Sixty years ago no Jew could have risen to such a height. Sixty years ago they were prevented from being aldermen or even members of the Common Council. A Jew could not hold any office, civil, military or corporate. He could not follow the profession of the law as barrister or attorney; he could not be public school master, or sit in the House of Commons, or even exercise the elector's franchise, if called upon to take the elector's oath. The oath to all these offices, professions and rights included the words "on the true faith of a Christian." The words, curiously enough, were not aimed at the Jews or at anyone. They are a specimen of the blundering way in which the English Parliament sometimes does its work. They were intended to throw open to all Christians the offices and privileges that had hitherto been reserved for members of the Church of England. Their object was to abolish the disabilities of the Dissenters, not to impose fresh disabilities on the Jews. But their effect was to shut the Jew up in a sort of political and social ghetto, and it was not until nearly 1860 that the last of the restrictions was done away with, and Jews were legally admitted to sit in the House of Commons. To-day there is no office, except that of Lord Chancellor, who, as the "keeper of the sovereign's conscience," must be a Protestant, to which Jews and Catholics are not equally eligible. No one dreams of protesting against Sir Marcus Samuel's elevation to the Lord Mayoralty on the score of his religion. Moreover, almost all the social prejudice against Jews has vanished. They have come to occupy a position in England such as they have nowhere else attained. They are more respected here, less ostracized and more merged in the mass than in any other country, not even excepting the United States. The comic papers do not live to caricature them; no hotel-keeper would dare to refuse them admission; and from comparatively few clubs, and those mostly provincial, is it a rule to exclude them. Roughly speaking, there are three kinds of Jews in England. There are the patrician Jew, the middle-class Jew, and the Jew of Whitechapel and Houndsditch. The patrician



"How did you come to club this man so severely?"
"Well, yer 'amer, he kept parfickly still an' wudn't dodge a single crack Oi made at him."

Jew, of the Rothschild, Hirsch and Worms type, is almost unrepresented in America or in Russia, and though known on the Continent, has no social standing there. One of the Barons Rothschild was, indeed, received by the Austrian court a few years ago, but it was on suffrage merely. Nobody who is anybody in Vienna will consent to be intimate with a Jewish family, and intermarriage is never even thought of. The same conditions prevail in Berlin and Paris. But in England the Jew aristocrat is not only a welcomed member of society, but a leader of it. There are at least half a dozen Jewish houses in London where invitations are sought as eagerly as a presentation at Buckingham Palace, and where the receptions skim the cream of London society. In these houses fashion and politics, finance and literature, diplomacy, art and science meet and blend with a perfection that few Gentile hostesses are able to compass. No doubt King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, had a great deal to do in giving the Jewish aristocracy its present position. But a stronger agency has consolidated it. The patrician Jews encourage their daughters to marry into the English nobility, and the English nobility—witness Lord Rosebery—is no more averse to wedding an English Jewess than an American heiress. It is intermarriage that has made the aristocratic Jew in England the social force he is. The common complaint of "the exclusiveness of Israel" has no application to him. He is as thorough an Englishman as any Cockney of them all, as devoted to the country, as public-spirited, and only to be distinguished from his Christian peers, when he can be distinguished at all, by a more cultivated mind and a larger and usually wiser benevolence. England has gained enormously from the presence of this class, and hardly less so from the second class, the bourgeois Jew, the Jew who thrives the professions and the world of business. These differ from the patrician Jew only in their refusal to permit their daughters to marry Christians. Otherwise they are excellent and valued citizens, completely identified with the life around them, and more zealous than the average Englishman in the discharge of public duties. Between them and their Christian neighbors there is, generally speaking, free social intercourse. It is to this class that Sir Marcus Samuel, one of the great merchants of the fourth or fifth generation, perfectly mannered, highly cultivated, maintain in their home life a standard of refinement and moderation that one often looks for in vain in a middle-class English household. As a rule, they have a keener pride of race than of faith, go to the same schools and the same universities as their Gentile friends, live in all ways the ordinary life of a well-to-do English family, paying possibly more attention to the things of the mind than to the body.—Sydney Brooks in "Harper's Weekly."

The New Baby.

Yes, I've got a little brother. Never asked to have him, nuther. But he's here. They just now arrived and bought him. And last week a doctor said he was. Weren't that queer? When I heard the news from Mom, I thought at first 'twas jolly. I s'posed I could go and get him, and then I'd be a constable, would let him play with me. But when I had once looked at him, "Why," I says, "Great snakes, is that him?" Just that mate?" They said, "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?" And I thought they must be funnin'—He's a sight!" I s'posed I could go and get him, and then I'd be a constable, would let him play with me. But when I had once looked at him, "Why," I says, "Great snakes, is that him?" Just that mate?" They said, "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?" And I thought they must be funnin'—He's a sight!" I s'posed I could go and get him, and then I'd be a constable, would let him play with me. But when I had once looked at him, "Why," I says, "Great snakes, is that him?" Just that mate?" 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THE New York "Musical Courier," since it was condemned by the New York "Times" and the musical profession everywhere in the United States has convened to Mr. Herbert congratulations on his victory, and in New York the genial composer was publicly banqueted by the "Friends of Music." The policy of the "Musical Courier" has come in for general condemnation. At the banquet several of the New York critics were present. In speaking of the methods of the "Musical Courier," Mr. W. J. Henderson, known for many years as the musical editor of the New York "Times," related the following anecdote: "I recall one instance when a lady whose daughter had appeared as a violinist the night before came to the 'Times' office and asked me: 'Where is the good notice that my daughter was to receive in the 'Times' this morning?' 'What good notice were you to receive?' I asked. 'Why,' she answered, 'I paid Mr. Blumenberg \$300, and he promised me that he would get good notices of my daughter's playing in all the New York dailies.' Now, gentlemen," added Mr. Henderson, "supposing that young woman had played well, and we critics had said that she played well, Mr. Blumenberg would have gone to that woman with the clippings from our papers in his hands and said, 'See? I did as I said I would!'" Mr. Frank Danversch, in his speech, said: "When an artist comes to me for an engagement with one of those purchased puffs from the 'Courier' I shall say: 'Sir, or madame, you are condemned out of your own mouth. Unless you can produce something very more to your credit than the endorsement of that sheet, I want none of you.' This is the attitude that we must take, so that we may discourage the practice of dishonest advertising."

It is said that Mr. Herbert will take a personal action against Mr. Blumenberg, claiming \$50,000 damages for libel. The law of New York, it is explained, permits civil action for libel to be taken both against a journal and the writer of the article containing the libel. Apropos of this affair, some years ago a representative of a United States musical journal induced quite a number of Canadian musicians to pay \$50 or \$100 each for publishing very complimentary notices about them. More than that, a special correspondent was stationed in Toronto, and prominence was given to records of musical events here. As soon, however, as all the dollars that could be extracted from Toronto professionals had been gathered in the correspondent was withdrawn, and the subsequent proceedings here have interested the paper in question no more. The Canadians were easily gulled, for they might have known that these patent puffs published in New York could be of no earthly use to them, the more especially as in most cases they were credited to the complaisant correspondent in Toronto.

The "Staats-Zeitung" had an illustration of two people sitting at a garden concert. He looks at the programme and announces enthusiastically: "Now comes Beethoven's 'Adelaide!'" And she—unmusical person—stretches her neck and asks, curiously, "Where?"

The motette and part-song competition announced by the Mendelssohn Choir several months ago as a result of the generous donation received by the society from Lord Strathearn appears to have awakened widespread interest both in Canada and England. Thirty-two compositions in all were received by the honorary secretary of the society up to the 15th inst., the date when entries closed. The majority of these were received from England, and most of the English composers have competed in the motette class. Fourteen of the thirty-two compositions are from Canadian composers. After the local adjudicators, Dr. Ham and Mr. Vogt, have examined the works submitted, the best in each class will be forwarded to Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, for the final decision. It is not expected that the results will be announced before January 1 next. As an indication of the hazy ideas which exist in the minds of some people in the Old Land regarding this colony, it may be mentioned that one of the competing works was addressed to the secretary of the Mendelssohn Choir, Toronto, U.S.A.

Probably few persons know that Clara Novello (Countess Giglione) is still living. She retired more than forty years ago, and it is only very old amateurs who can remember her singing at the earlier Handel festivals. London "Truth" states that she is probably the only survivor of the great vocalists who sang before William IV. at Windsor, the date being but a few weeks short of seventy years ago.

Mme. Carreno, the famous pianist, has had a most varied matrimonial experience. Her first husband was Emil Sauret, with whom she first appeared in Toronto, her second was Signor Tagliavera, the operatic baritone, who has often been heard here; her third was Mr. D'Albert, the Scotch French-German solo pianist, and now I am reading that she has married again. Her former husband are, I believe, all living. It would be an interesting concert if they all appeared with Carreno on the same occasion. What a big advertising scheme it would be!

London "Truth" says that Paderewski and Kubelik are the only two star men artists who can command guinea audiences at St. James' Hall, London.

Dr. Torrington and his festival chorus are busy preparing the "Messiah" for their annual Christmas production. After that event they will apply themselves in earnest to the study of the works for the Mackenzie festival in April.

The Church of the Redeemer choir, under Mr. Schuch, was announced to give the whole of the Westminster coronation music on Wednesday evening last.

There is to be an international musical festival in connection with the dedica-

tion of the Wagner monument at Berlin from October 1 to 7, 1903. One day will be devoted to English and American music. All the great military bands of the world are expected to take part, including the Turkish Janissaries Music Corps. An auditorium to seat 7,000 persons will be erected for the occasion. It has not yet been announced who is to organize the American end of the undertaking, or whether Canada will be invited to take part.

The hundreds of vocal students in Toronto who have listened with delight to the singing of Mme. Lilli Lehmann, and have ventured all sorts of conjectures as to the secret of her success in interpreting both the old school of florid music and the more logically modern dramatic style, will read the following notice of her recent book, from the New York "Evening Post" with great interest: "Lilli Lehmann's new book, 'How to Sing,' just issued by the Macmillan Company, in a good translation by Richard Aldrich, is one which all professional students who wish to earn fame and fortune on the stage, as well as amateurs who sing for their own pleasure, will read and reread if they are wise. Lilli Lehmann is not only one of the greatest artists of our time, but, unlike others, she belongs in the very front rank both in the lyric and the dramatic styles of song. Mozart and Bellini are as easy to her as Wagner. What is the secret of her success, her versatility, her ability to sing on the operatic and concert stage for more than thirty years, whereas most singers break down and vanish after twenty years, may, after ten or even five? The book reveals this secret. From cover to cover it is full of good advice. It will, of course, be reviewed at length in this journal. In the meantime suffice it to say that there are thirty-nine chapters, discussing the vocalist's art from every possible point of view—chapters on breathing, equalizing the voice, attack, nasal singing, head voice, position of the tongue, resonance, registers, white voices, the tremolo and its cure, the tongue, lips, vowels, consonants, Italian and German, velocity 'before the public' etc. It is a mine of practical information for experts as well as beginners. The skilful manner in which Lilli Lehmann unites Italian and German elements in her art is admirably illustrated in the following paragraph (p. 225):

"If he is skilful enough, the singer can impart a certain expression of feeling to even the most superficial phrases and coloratura passages. Thus, in the coloratura passages of Mozart's arias, I always sought to gain expressiveness by crescendo, choice of significant points for breathing, and breaking off of phrases. I have been especially successful with this in the 'Entführung,' introducing a tone of lament into the first aria, a heroic dignity into the second, through the coloratura passages. Without exaggerating petty details, the artist must exploit all the means of expression that he is justified in using."

"With the exception of Emma Calvé ('Hamlet'), Lilli Lehmann is the only great singer of our time who has succeeded in the most difficult art of singing even florid music with expression."

The combination of Mr. Branscombe's Coronation Choir party and Miss Jessie Alexander at Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week attracted a large audience, which would have overflowed any of the other concert halls of the city. There were no new features in the singing of the coronation party to comment upon. Most of the numbers on the programme had been heard on previous occasions. The singing was characterized by the careful tone production, smoothness of delivery and truth of intonation that were noticed on preceding appearances of Mr. Branscombe's singers. Mr. Herbert Hilton, a new-comer this season, who has a genuine bass voice, made a very favorable impression, while Mr. Albert Archdeacon, a sterling singer and good baritone, repeated the triumph he won at the coronation service at the Metropolitan Church in Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory." The names of the solo soprano boys seem to change with bewildering frequency. Master George Forsythe, who sang Sullivan's "Little Maid of Arezzo," sang very sweetly indeed, and might have easily been taken for one of his predecessors in this and past seasons. Mme. Marie Hooton, who has an exceptionally rich voice of an uncommon timbre, was heard with warm demonstrations of approval. The male alto, Mr. Percy Coward, who has a remarkable voice, of a kind much rarer in Canada than in England, was listened to with special interest. Messrs. Branscombe and Leyland were the tenors, and sang effectively. Miss Jessie Alexander recited with her accustomed pronounced success, and Mr. Dudley Causton, an English humorous mimic of the drawing-room class, won several recalls for his sketches included in the title "The Musical Village." The programme, which was long enough as originally drawn, was extended to an unreasonable degree by frequent encores.

Theodore Thomas, the veteran conductor of the Chicago Orchestra, has placed himself on record concerning the English composer Elgar. He thinks that there is not one composer now prominent who is as well equipped, not even in Europe. As an orchestral writer Mr. Thomas thinks that Elgar is the superior of Richard Strauss. "Elgar," continued Mr. Thomas, "is first of all a violinist, and everything he has written is so marked that there is absolutely no doubt left as to how it should be bowed or phrased. He understands all the other instruments of the orchestra equally well, and the result is that everything 'lies well' for the instrument, and is sure to sound as it should. Brahms left everything to the executant, and even in Wagner there is always room for difference of opinion as to what the phrasing and bowing should be, but Elgar always indicates exactly, and while his work is tremendously difficult and original, and daring in mode and manner, yet he knows what he asks of the player, and never demands what is impossible or what will not sound."

Mr. W. J. Long, violinist, pupil of William Yunck of Detroit, will be heard in recital at the Toronto College of Music on Wednesday evening, December 3. Mr. Long will be assisted by Lillian Kirby, vocalist; Eleanor Kennedy, pianist; Constance Veitch, cellist; Ethel Husband, accompanist, and Gertrude Phelps, reader.

Pupils of the West End branch of the Toronto College of Music gave a recital in the College Hall, Pembroke street, last Saturday afternoon. The piano numbers were rendered by Johan Keeler, Fi-

renza Guiray, Ethel Tait, Rene Blake, Ethel Saywell, Beatrice Brett, Arretha Smedley, Maud Dowlesy, Edith Mills, Herbert Cosford, Stella Slater, Ethel Robinson and Winnie Thompson. A vocal number was contributed by Effie McNair.

The choir of Central Presbyterian Church, under the direction of Mr. W. J. McNally, will hold a service of praise on Thursday, December 11, in which they will be assisted by Miss Margaret Nelson, soprano; Miss Clark, contralto; Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor, and Miss Evelyn Snarr, Mme. Annie McNichol and Mr. Donald C. MacGregor of the choir. The programme will close with Adams' Christmass cantata, "The Holy Child."

An audience which taxed the seating capacity of the Conservatory Music Hall assembled last Saturday evening, on the occasion of a recital given by Mr. Charles E. Clarke. Mr. Clarke was in excellent voice, and sang his selections, which were of a varied and exacting nature, in a manner which did himself and those with whom he has studied great credit. He possesses a full-toned, sympathetic baritone voice, which he has under good control, and which shows to equal advantage in forte as well as piano passages. He sang with a spirit and vim which was very enjoyable, and gave an intelligent interpretation to every song. Mr. Rechab Tandy (with whom Mr. Clarke is studying), sang in fine voice in his usual artistic style "Come Into the Garden, Maud," Balfe, and "Salve Diomede" ("Faust"), Gounod. Miss Florence Fisher sang with good expression, the quality of her lower notes being very pleasing. Mr. H. S. Saunders played his 'cello numbers with good execution and bowing, which met with the sincere approval of the audience. Dr. T. A. Davies rendered several well-chosen numbers on the organ with much taste. Miss Louise Tandy, A.T.C.M., by the sympathetic manner in which she played the accompaniments, was of great assistance to the artists.

Edward MacDowell has arranged a most interesting programme for his recital in the Conservatory Music Hall, Saturday evening, December 6, including the following: "Sarabande and Les Trois Mains"; Rameau; Fantasie in D, Mozart; Sonata, op. 27, No. 2, Beethoven; "Tempo di Minuetto," Grasioli; Impromptu, Schubert; and the following of his own compositions: Fourth Sonata (Keltic), op. 39; "The Eagle," op. 32, No. 1; Shadow Dance, op. 39, No. 6; Improvisation, op. 46, No. 4; Czardas (Friska), op. 24, No. 4; "The Wild Rose" and "To a Water-lily," from op. 50; Scotch poem, op. 31, No. 2; Concert Study, op. 36. The plan opens to subscribers on Monday, December 1, and to the general public on Tuesday, December 2.

A large audience attended the concert on Saturday night, the 22nd inst., in Association Hall, given by Professor Edward Barton and pupils. The attraction, a popular one, was thoroughly enjoyed; almost every number on the programme was encored. The Crown Glee Singers sang with an ensemble of excellent vocal tone seldom found in male voices, and their efforts were well appreciated and encored each time. Victor Stone, the boy soprano, was in good form, and sang attractively. Miss Fanny Stone, a promising contralto, made herself a favorite with the audience immediately she began to sing. Miss Lydia Middleton, soprano, sang her number with feeling and a control of voice which showed careful training. Miss Hilda Davis, soprano, was also well received. Mr. Edward Barton was in good voice and sang with his accustomed taste and expression. Ralph Gibson, a good baritone singer, was greeted with loud applause. Other pupils who sang were Messrs. Morrison and Ayerst. Miss Annie M. Stone, who was the accompanist, supported the singers with much judgment.

The organ recital and concert in connection with the opening of the new organ in Wesley Church on Thursday evening of last week was a decided success, notwithstanding the fact that, owing to several unavoidable delays, the builders were unable to complete the instrument until a few minutes before the concert, and neither organist nor choir had any opportunity of rehearsal whatever. Mr. George D. Atkinson, organist of the church, contributed, in his usual musically style, several organ solos calculated to display the varied resources of the organ, and under his direction the choir sang a number of choruses with excellent effect. Particular mention might be made of the unaccompanied work, which showed evidence of most careful preparation with regard to light and shade and quality and balance of tone. The church quartette, which is composed of Mrs. E. Burritt, soprano; Maude Richards-Tisdale, contralto; Edouard Bannister, tenor, and Winifred H. Vanwinkle, bass, acquitted themselves admirably. The assisting talent, Leonora James-Kennedy, soprano, and Hattie Morse Hamburger, reader, won instant favor with an audience which completely filled the large auditorium. Mr. Atkinson is fortunate in having at his disposal an instrument which is up to date in every respect, and a choir which, recruited as it is almost entirely from the ranks of the church and Sabbath school, is enthusiastic in its own musical work and keenly alive to its responsibility in connection with the spiritual character of the service.

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Social and Personal.

Rev. Arthur Sims (Church of the Messiah) and Mrs. Sims have taken a house in Brantford, and Mrs. Van Allen of Brantford, Mrs. Sims' sister, is living with them. Mrs. Sims and Mrs. Van Allen are daughters of Mr. Charles R. Atkinson, K.C., of Chatham.

Miss Rosselle Knott, formerly of Hamilton, who is the leading lady of Amelia Bingham's company, which will present "A Modern Magdalen" at the Princess Theater the first three nights of next week, will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Knott, 56 Cowan avenue, during her stay in town.

Mrs. Gavillier of Hamilton, Mrs. H. A. Menker of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. W. Ross, Mrs. W. Maclean of Toronto, Mrs. Burwash of Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Erastus C. Knight of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Leonard of London, Mrs. K. Moran of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Miss S. Tully, Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter, Mrs. W. F. Maclean and daughter, Miss E. Frances Daley, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Barrow of Philadelphia, Miss Jermyn, Miss E. Jermyn, Mrs. H. B. Anderson of Toronto, are among the latest registrations at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines.

Mrs. George Dunstan receives at 210 Beverley street next Wednesday, December 3, and each "first Wednesday" during the month.

Professor and Mrs. Robertson are settled at 115 Spadina road, where Mrs. Robertson receives on the third and fourth Fridays of the month.

Mr. Ernest Seton was entertained at supper after his lecture on Monday evening by Mrs. Doolittle, who is a very old friend.

A very attractive bazaar is on the tapis for next Wednesday and Thursday in the assembly room of the Temple Building. The ladies who are getting up this bazaar, which is in aid of the mortgage fund of the Holy Blossom Synagogue, were kind enough to give me a sort of private view this week of some of the work to be put on sale. I can not adequately describe the exquisiteness of one piece of work, a white and gold bedspread, of white satin, embroidered, with tiny French knots of gold-tinted silk all among the artistic leaves and flowers, which are done in white silk; two rows of Maltese lace insertion are set round the quilt, separated by wide bands of the beautiful needlework, and the spread is finished by a deep edging of lace. The whole makes a bedspread worthy of an imperial sleeping-room, and will delight those who know what's what. Exquisite cushions, fairy-like daybeds and a perfectly lovely tea-chafing dish with absolutely natural pansies, are a few of the things these pastimisters of needlework have made. But the cutest things are Mrs. Miller's six-score dolls, so prettily dressed, and all their clothes to come on and off, too! There is a wedding-party, bride, bridesmaid, bridegroom and rabbi, and there are sick-a-bed dolls, with hospital nurses, and hot-water bags about twice the size of your thumb-nail, and seaside dolls and babies dressed perfectly, and doll layettes, with all the doll toilette and bathing properties, and fishwives and Highlanders—in fact, a regular paradise for doll-lovers.

Dr. and Mrs. Percy Vivien of Barrie are coming down to attend Mrs. Heaven's reception and dance on December 5, and hope to remain over Saturday and meet their friends again at Llawhaden.

Mrs. J. Henry Helm of Prospect House, Port Hope, is the guest of Mrs. Percy Vivien in Barrie this week.

Mrs. Stevenson gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party to some young people last Friday evening, November 21, at her residence in the Queen's Park.

Mrs. R. C. Steele of Pembroke street is giving an At Home for young people this afternoon.

Among the dancers at Trinity on Tuesday I noticed Miss Jessie Kingsmill, in pale blue, veiled in white lace; Miss Vera Morgan, in pale blue; Miss Ethel Devigne, very graceful in black crepe de chine, with rope of pearls; Miss Tessie Devigne, in yellow silk; Miss Nellie Allen, who looked very well; Miss Taylor, a charming blonde beauty; Miss Jessie Denison, in black, touched with pink; Miss Dora Denison, in white; Miss Pansy Featherstonhaugh, a very pretty girl in white; Miss Cecil Denison, also in a pretty white gown; Miss Fanquier, in a Dresden mousseline.

The uproariously comical show at the Princess has tickled society to the core this week, and "Don't miss it" has been the word passed from one to another of those who love a real good laugh. On Tuesday evening there was a very fine turnout of smart people, and the bright theater re-echoed with their laughter. In particular the play seemed to appeal to one handsome young Osgoode man, whose shouts of mirth awakened the renewed laughter of his neighbors. Some of those enjoying the vaudeville were Mr. and Mrs. G. Allen Case, Mr. A. and Miss Case, Mr. and Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. and Miss Buehan, Mr. Bowens, Mr. Hawes, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. Maedonald, Mr. Featherstonhaugh Aylesworth.

Mrs. Will P. White will receive next Tuesday and Wednesday, and on each first Tuesday and Wednesday during the season.

Mrs. Charles O'Reilly gave a very pleasant tea on Thursday afternoon at her residence, 294 Sumach street.

A very jolly and interesting banquet was that given to the visiting Englishmen who were the guests of the Manufacturers' Association on last Friday night. The Palm room at McConkey's was filled with the banqueters, the tables were lighted with some duplicates of those lovely silver openwork and silk-lined, crimson-shaded candles which were burnt up in the Pavilion. The second lot were just to hand in time for Friday's banquet. The Premier, Hon. Mr. Peter Oshorne of Clover Hill, whose guest, Sir Albert Rollit, was one of the guests of honor at the feast, were among the feasters on Friday. Some most interest-

ing speeches were made. A flag trophy was arranged above the chairman's place at the table of honor.

Mrs. Mulock's At Home is the largest function on this afternoon. The hostess has arranged to give this tea at McConkey's, and it is to be on from 4:30 to 7 o'clock.

The smart young non-coms. of the Q.O.R. gave a very jolly dance last night at St. George's Hall, and the attendance was brilliant and chic.

Since his illness Mr. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick has not been in his usual robust form, and he and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have gone south for his health. Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Somerville have also gone south for the benefit of Mr. Somerville.

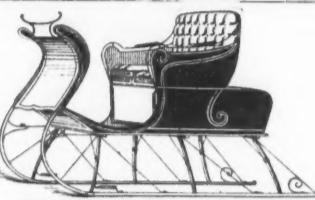
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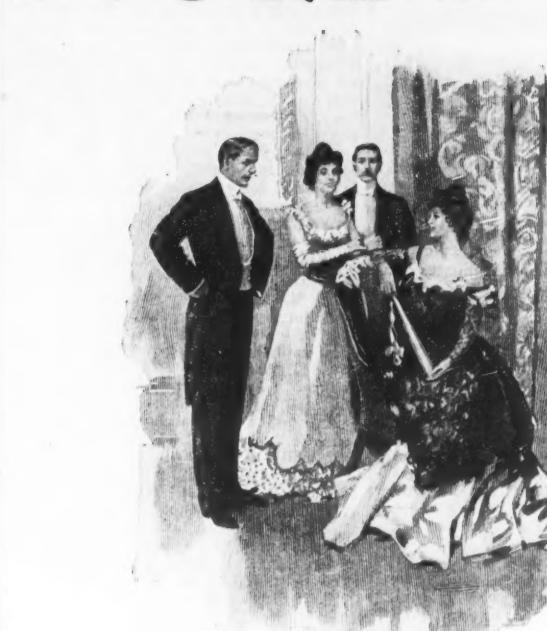
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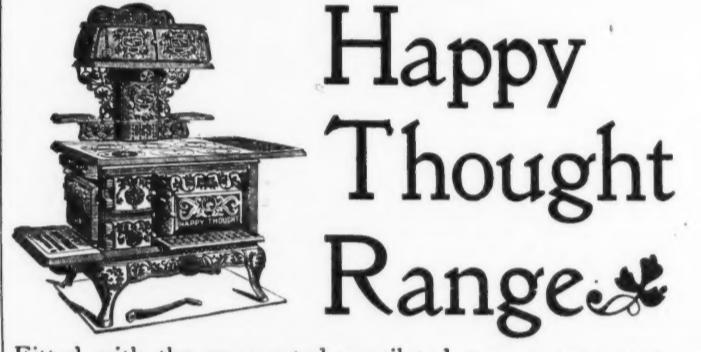
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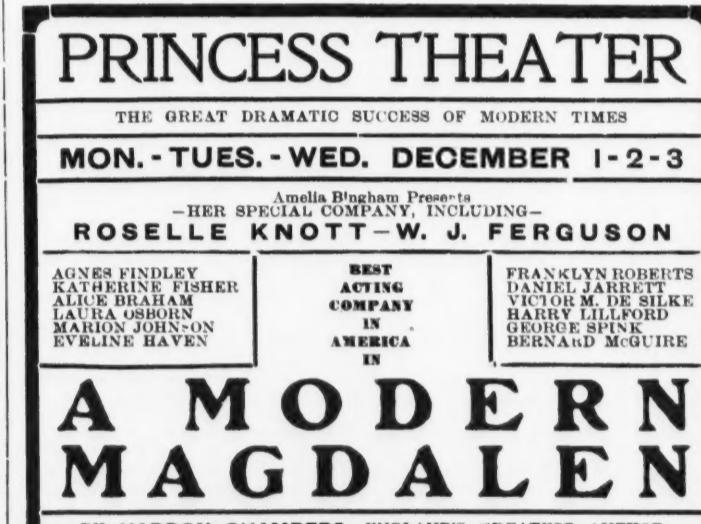
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CREECH—Nov. 23, Lambton Mills, Mrs. Charlotte Jane Creech.

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YOUNG—Nov. 22, Alberta, N.W.T., James Young, aged 64 years.



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Malicious Tricks of Servants.

"I HAVE heard of hobo marks," said a much enduring housekeeper recently; "of the tramp hieroglyphics which are frequently written on the outside of houses and at the entrance of country places, each of which has a meaning which is perfectly unintelligible and unnoticed to the unsuspecting householder, but which is as clear as A, B, C to the members of the ragged fraternity. But, although I have been keeping house for many years, I never knew until very lately that a certain class of servants, who might well be called domestic tramps, on account of constantly changing their places, actually boycott a house where they are 'not suited,' by writing their opinions of the place and the family, and leaving the malicious little scribbles in places where the new-comers will easily find them. Every housekeeper in moderate circumstances has experienced at times an incomprehensible period of change, when it seems as if her home was actually 'hoodooed.' Cooks come out and leave almost immediately, without any apparent reason. Waitresses and chambermaids, who seemed willing and anxious to please when engaged, turn suddenly sulky, and declare that the work is too hard for them. Until lately I had had servants stay with me for years at a time, and I could not understand why for a couple of months I was obliged to do nothing but haunt intelligence offices and change servants. I appreciated the fact that middle class servants are almost invariably nomadic, that the best of them sooner or later will desire a change, and give warning, but I had always quickly filled their places, and always believed that I had what is called a very good place—i.e., easy work, regular hours and kind treatment. This year, however, everything seemed changed, and I was at my wit's end to discover why my house had suddenly become so unpopular. Finally I succeeded in getting a really good Swedish woman as cook, and after she had been with me some time she told me the secret. 'When I came here,' she said, 'I found writings everywhere in my language — on the shelves in the storeroom, on the kitchen dresser, upstairs in my room—all saying the place was a very hard one, and that you were not a nice lady. These writings were written by one girl, but were signed by everyone who left, so I saw there must have been eight or ten girls in a few weeks. Of course, I thought I would go right away, too, and was ready to leave when you came into the kitchen and looked so pleasant that I thought I would stay and see for myself.' I had dismissed the first girl who started all the trouble for incompetency, and she took this way of having her revenge. The others, scared by her account, left of their own accord, but with malicious comradeship added their names to the score against me, so that my arraignment rapidly grew in importance with every fresh signature, and it was a wonder that I ever got anyone to stay at all."

There is a certain freemasonry, too, among servants of a certain class who have gone about among prominent people, and a spiteful nature may cause a great deal of inconvenience. A certain fashionable woman who is kind-hearted and generous to everyone had reason for dismissing her French maid without a character, and found to her surprise that it was very difficult to replace her. After several unsuccessful quests she answered an advertisement which seemed promising, and told the woman to call upon her. In reply she received a postal, with the one word, "connu" written on the blank side of the card. "It gave me such a shock!" she said plaintively. "I felt as if I was quite a bad character."

Memories of the "City of Rome."

A DESPATCH from Europe a few days ago contained the information that the steamship "City of Rome," well known to many travelers, after traveling across the Atlantic between New York and Glasgow for twenty-one years, was to be broken up for old junk. One of the last of her type, to which the "City of Paris" and the "City of New York," now the "Philadelphia" and the "New York," belonged, she is giving way to more modern and speedier boat, the "Columbia." Like the "Paris" and the "New York," which have been remodeled at an expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars, she had a graceful clipper bow and three stacks. Her lines were particularly graceful. In her prime she was one of the largest passenger carriers afloat. She could accommodate about two thousand persons, and had in her cabin on one voyage more than five hundred passengers.

The building of the "City of Rome," which was launched at the yards of the Barrow Shipbuilding Company, at Barrow-in-Furness, England, in 1881, was connected with the demise of the old Indian Line. This line had ordered the steamer. When it was completed the company sued the builders for a sum of money, alleging that the steamer did not fulfill the contract. The builders refused to deliver the steamer, and chartered her to another line.

In her early days the "City of Rome" used to make the trip between Glasgow and New York in seven days.

Many well-known persons crossed on her. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford," came over on the "City of Rome" to visit the colony at Rugby, Tenn., which he aided in founding. That particular trip received wide newspaper notice at the time because of the action of the well-known author and other passengers, who complained to the agents of the line that baccarat was played in both the smoking-room and the reception room for large stakes, and boys were permitted to see the play and to take part. When Henry Irving first visited America in 1883 he sent his company over on the "City of Rome." Some of those in the company who crossed on the "Rome" at that time were Bram Stoker, Archer A. Andrews, Meredith Ball, Norman Forbes, Charles L'Arbury, Mr. and Mrs. Howson, Mr. Harwood, Henry Howes, who died and was buried at Cleveland, at the age of eighty years, while on a recent tour with the company; H. Lowther W. Daviland, G. Johnson, Miss L. Harwood, Miss Jessie Millward and William Ursiss, who was murdered in England a few years ago. Gerald Massey, the poet, was also a passenger on that trip. It was a notable trip in some respects. Mr. Massey wrote a poem for the entertainment given for the benefit of the Seaman's Orphanage at Liverpool. Mr. Ball set it to music,

and it was afterward published for the benefit of the orphanage. On September 12, 1898, Admiral Cervera, his staff and more than seventeen hundred of the Spanish fleet destroyed at Santiago sailed for Santander, Spain, on the "City of Rome."

Many clergymen crossed the Atlantic on this steamship. On one trip a passenger celebrated the fact that there were more than three dozen ministers of different denominations in the cabin by composing a ballad on the lines of "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell." It was entitled "The Yarn of the City of Rome," and ran as follows:

"Twas on the steamship "City of Rome,"
Of the good old Anchor Line,
That I saw on the deck a human wreck,
Who was gazing into the brine.

He'd a hymnbook clasped beneath each

He'd a clerical collar white,
And again and again a single strain
He recited with all his might:

"Oh, I am a U-ni-tar-i-an,
And a Presbyterian, too,
And a Baptist bold (though baptism's cold),
And I am also a true Hebrew!"

Then he shrieked a hymn out through his nose,
And a sailor near dropped dead.
As I watched the sailor's dying throes
I spoke to him and said:

"Oh, it's little I know of religion, so
You'll please explain to me,
For I'll eat my vest, if I can digest
How possibly you can be"

"A Unitarian, a Presbyterian,
A Baptist, and a Hebrew?
That's religion enough for the passengers.
The captain, and all his crew."

He ran his hands through his priestly hair,
Stopped howling through his nose,
And there on the deck this religious wreck
Related to me his woes.

"Twas on this good ship 'City of Rome'
I sailed for the English coast.
To be free from care, snuff salt sea air,
And eat sardines on toast.

"And all was merry as a marriage bell,
And the ship her proud head high;
Then a great misfortune us befell—
Three dozen preachers appeared.

"They sneezed that night in the music hall
Till about half-past eleven.
Then out on the deck began to bawl,
And began next morn at seven.

"At breakfast time we had long prayers;
And soon we all got thinner:
For by way of easing all our cares,
They gave us hymns for dinner.

"And one by one the passengers died;
The verdict of the doctor was:
This man was preached to death."

"Till I was the only one left
Of all that went to sea.
And I was of reason almost bereft
When they got converting me."

"And one of them made me a Baptist bold,
And a Unitarian another.
Then I entered the Presbyterian fold,
And I called a Hebrew 'brother.'

"So I never cease to howl my hymns,
And I never cease to pray;
And a single strain, again and again,
I sing, which is to say:

"Oh, I am a U-ni-tar-i-an,
And a Presbyterian, too,
And a Baptist bold (though baptism's cold),
And I am also a good Hebrew."

Chair of Courtship and Marriage.

M R. JAMES L. FORD, in the course of an article in "Munsey's Magazine," sets out to show that in the highest institutions of female learning there is one study too few instead of ten too many; and the thing that is needed is a chair of courtship and matrimony.

To study the curriculum of a women's college is to become deeply impressed with the fact that no matter how wide or deep may be the range of learning placed at the disposal of the students, the most essential study of womanhood has been strangely neglected.

There is not a single women's college in the land which has a chair of courtship and matrimony. When I become rich it is one intention to establish and endow one at some leading seat of feminine education.

My chair of courtship and matrimony is not designed to teach girls how to attract the male of their species—most of them are born with a fuller comprehension of that engrossing art than I could give them—but rather to aid them in the far less understood and vastly more important matter of selection. I would also suggest a post-graduate course of lectures in regard to the best scheme for retaining a husband after he has been chosen.

I shall stipulate in my deed of endowment that the incumbent of this chair of courtship and matrimony shall be a woman of mature years, high native intelligence and great social experience. I should prefer one who had herself been courted and married, and shall endeavor to secure one who has also undergone the experience of divorce. It shall be her duty to lecture three times a week on the perils of modern society, and to illustrate her discourse, whenever possible, by placing on the platform specimens of the different types of men that a young girl may expect to encounter when she leaves college and begins to take up the serious duties of life.

The first thing that I would desire the incumbent of my chair of courtship and matrimony to impress upon her undergraduate hearers is the fact that to make a really good match in this country it is necessary to wed either a pauper or a multi-millionaire. The man who possesses a small income, and has not sufficient energy to work as if he had none at all, is to be avoided like the plague, as he will make a most unsatisfactory husband.

"It will be impossible, of course, for the chair of matrimony to discuss within the brief limits of a college course all the kinds of men that should be avoided, but it can at least sound a warning note in regard to some of those with whom the young girl graduate is likely to be brought in contact under present social conditions. In the choosing of a multi-millionaire she should seek advice, not from my chair, but from someone who is quick at figures, as it is a mere matter of dollars; but in regard to the others, she should be carefully instructed during her college course.

"There is no variety of the male of our species better deserving of conscientious consideration than that of the impulsive and inexperienced woman delights to brand as 'interesting.' I positively shudder when I hear a young girl express a preference for a man because he is so 'interesting,' and I know that she is on the



"Take me for life, dear Miss Toronto, or I cannot keep that appointment with General Booth at the Pearly Gates."

wrong road to happiness when she rejects the attentions of anyone on the ground that, although he may be honest and truthful and sincere, he is 'not interesting.'

The Interesting Actor.

"The Interesting Actor is a particularly dangerous type of fakir, because he not only carries with him the glamor of his profession, but also has so many unoccupied evenings on his hands—thanks to a popular taste that does not always go astray—that he has better opportunities than his fellow-players, who are busy on the stage, to make the acquaintance of impressionable young women, and to convince them by his persistent talk about himself and his 'art' that he is as interesting as they would like to believe him.

Another type who will serve to illustrate a discourse is the Interesting Artist who has never learned how to draw. He possesses, however, a fine vocabulary of the claptrap of the profession, and always sneers at anything that is popular. A favorite pose of his is starving in a garret because his work is too good for the world to appreciate. The Interesting Literary Man occurs in endless variety in the pathway of the young graduate, and requires a special course of lectures to himself. To begin with, there is the Interesting Playwright, who has been writing dramas for several years, and who hopes that an artistic revolution will one day place in control of a metropolitan theater some manager with a soul above the box-office and a brain capable of appreciating really good work. The Interesting Poet is also well worthy of the attention of the incumbent of my chair of courtship and matrimony. He is at least true to one ancient poetic tradition in that he wears long hair, and has always in stock a smile of singularly sweet and sympathetic sadness, which he produces on special occasions as children produce their company manners. After having listened to the full course of lectures on the men whom they are to shun, each graduating class should have an opportunity to meet some really interesting and accomplished men who can tell them something about poetry, art and letters."

Wolseley and Melba.

"Lord Wolseley, hero of campaigns, has met defeat in an engagement of wits, relates an English paper. He has been vanquished by a woman. The victor is the little dinner-table tilt was Mme. Melba, and the scene of the occurrence the house of a member of the aristocracy.

Mme. Melba at this dinner was seated at the right of Lord Wolseley, who was at the right of the hostess of the evening. Lord Wolseley asked at the beginning of the dinner asked of the hostess, "Who is the lady at my right?"

"Why, that is Mme. Melba."

"Who is Mme. Melba?"

"Is it possible that your lordship does not know the great singer?"

"Oh, yes. Born in Australia, I believe."

And with that the general applied him self to the course then served. After a few minutes he turned to the prima donna, greeted her pleasantly, and said, "You are an Australian, I believe, madam? I

have been chosen."

"Why, that is Mme. Melba."

"Is it possible that your lordship does not know the great singer?"

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Chatelaine Bags

No. 114—Real Walrus Bag in black, brown or gray. Price... \$3.00
Other lines—50c. to 7.00.



Wrist Bags

No. 1071—Real Walrus, fancy snake front on frame; black, with Gun Metal finished frame and chain; gray and brown; gold-plated frame and chain inside glass pocket. Price—5 inch, \$3.25.
6 inch, \$3.50.



Combination Pocketbooks

We have the very latest in Styles, Ornament and Leathers.



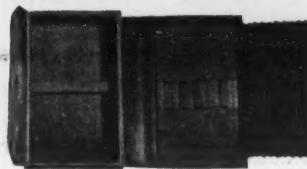
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No. 64—Black Grain Leather	1.00
No. 63—Any Color in Strap	1.25
No. 62—Black Grain	1.50
No. 63—Real Seal	3.00



Music Holders

No. 90/P—Black Grain, Price	1.25
No. 91/P—Black, Seal Grain, P. ice	2.00
No. 93/P—Black, Real Seal	3.25



Stick Pin Cases

No. 50—Calf or Morocco, Price	1.25
No. 51—Real Seal, in colors, Price	1.50
No. 52—Real Alligator, Price	2.00



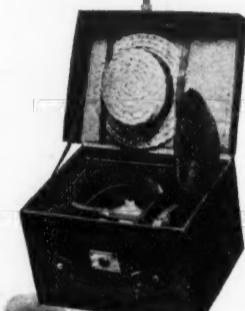
Roll Collar and Cuff Cases

No. 70—Goatkin, in Black	1.25
No. 71—Real Grain, in Black	1.50
No. 72—Real Seal, in Black	2.00



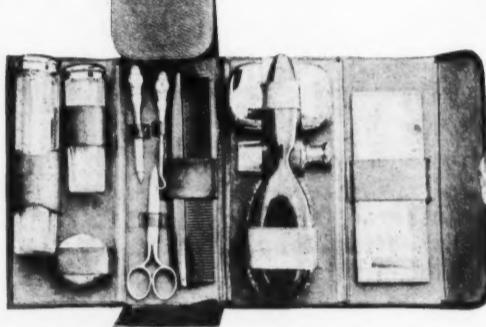
Umbrellas.

Real Ivory handled.
Pure silk.
Price—
\$ 8.00,
9.00,
10.00.



Men's Hat Boxes

No. 995—As illustrated.	12.00
Holds 5 hats.	Price
No. 888—Square. Holds 1 hat.	6.00
No. 889—Square. Holds Silk and Crush hat. Lined with black silk.	10.00



Dressing Cases

No. 290—Ladies' Case, as above.	8.00
No. 281—Gentleman's Case, as above.	8.00
Other Lines from \$2.00 to \$20.00.	



Jewel Cases

No. 21—Covered with genuine Walrus Leather, lined with finest quality Suede. Best lock, two keys.
5 inches long.....6.00
6 inches long.....7.00
8 inches long.....8.00

We have a large assortment of other Cases. Prices from \$2.00 to \$6.00.



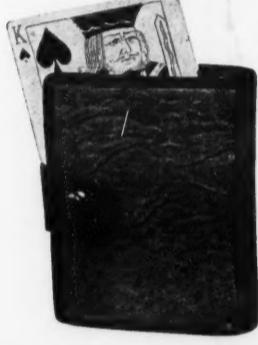
Bridge Whist Sets

Contains two packs cards, two pads for counting, and finished in the best Morocco leather in all colors.
Price.....\$4.50



Playing Card Cases

No. 1935—Real Morocco.	1.50
Price.....	
No. 1936—Real Seal.	1.75
Price.....	
No. 1937—Real Walrus.	2.00
Price.....	



Bellows Suit Cases

No. 721—Linen lined, any color leather.	Price.....\$14.00
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The Bellows Suit Case is light and can be easily carried. It is one of the latest articles in Traveling Goods.



Dressing Bags



Suit Case Club Bag

No. 997—Made in Natural Grain, Brown and Olive leathers. Prices—
18 inch.....18.00
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The special convenience of this bag is that there is a compartment, like a Suit Case, at bottom, for a suit, linen or toilet articles. The compartments are distinct from each other.



Men's Card Cases

No. 1506—Real Morocco.	50c.
No. 1507—Real Seal, in all colors.	Price 75c.
No. 1508—Real Morocco, full leather lined, in black and brown, same as cut.	8.00
No. 1509—Real Seal, in all colors, same as cut.	8.00



Drinking Glasses

No. 1200—Genuine Pigskin Case or Black Morocco, cork lined, three sizes. Prices—\$1.75, \$1.50, \$1.25



Flasks



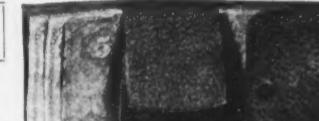
Traveling Pockets

Made in Brown or Gray Suede. Price.....\$1.00



Deep Club Bags

No. 935 is the latest pattern, very fine frame, deep bottom, seam at end. Price—
16-inch, \$9 18-inch, \$10. 20-inch, \$12.



Bill Folds

Goat Skin.	\$.35
Morocco Leather.	.75
Real Seal.	1.00
Best Seal, calf lining.	1.00
Real Walrus, calf lining.	1.50



Neck Pockets

Made in Brown or Gray Suede. Price.....\$1.00



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